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*THE LOST TRIBES.*¹

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CHAPTER XIX.

WHEN Mr. Mervyn and Father Roche left her house Mrs. Dann stared after them in amazement. She found it difficult to realise at first that they had actually gone. She felt annoyed with them for going because she wanted to talk over several points connected with the Miracle Play, and since the day on which she interviewed them in the presbytery she had found it hard to catch either one or other of them. Then she began to wonder why they had gone so suddenly.

'Say, Bobby,' she said, 'Phil and the priest seemed to me to bolt rather unexpectedly.'

'That's so,' said Bobby; 'it struck me in the same light.'

'Do you think that Phil was riled? I'd be sorry to say anything to get his back up. I didn't mean to; but the artistic nature—Phil's an artist, Bobby, don't you forget that, and the more I study on the artistic nature the less I seem to be able to calculate exactly when it will erupt.'

'Seems to me,' said Bobby, 'that it wasn't so much the Reverend Theophilus as the other clergyman who misunderstood you.'

'I don't altogether get on to intimate terms with his soul either,' said Mrs. Dann. 'I expect it's religion in his case that keeps us apart. I'm not so much at home in religion as I ought to be, Bobby, in spite of your papa. I didn't get a chance of practising sympathy along those lines with poor Nathan. If that priest's a religious man—and he's not artistic, so it can't be anything else—I'm not altogether surprised that I lacerate his nervous system now and then without meaning it. But I thought I spoke with great respect of the marriage tie. You don't think I underrated its sanctity, Bobby?'

At this point Onny Donovan sobbed. She had been crying

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quietly and unobtrusively ever since she had entered the house. She was beginning to regain confidence and to hope that nothing very terrible was going to be done to her. She felt that she had better call attention to her presence. She sobbed again, quite loudly. Mrs. Dann turned round and saw her.

‘They’ve left the weeping orphan behind them,’ she said.

‘The bride,’ said Bobby Sebright.

Mrs. Dann went over to Onny and looked at her carefully. Her attention was caught and held by Onny’s blouse.

‘I kind of recognise that shirt waist,’ she said.

‘She gave it to me,’ said Onny. ‘Miss Delia gave it to me.’

Then she burst into tears again, covered her face with her hands, and sobbed convulsively.

‘Well,’ said Mrs. Dann, ‘Delia’s got as good a right as anyone to do what she likes with her property. I’m not inclined to blame you. No girl need refuse a present when it’s offered her. So don’t you cry any more about that.’

She spoke kindly—so kindly that Onny’s courage and presence of mind returned to her.

‘What Miss Delia said was this,’ said Onny. ‘She says, standing as it might be where your ladyship is standing now: “You may have the best of them blouses for yourself, Onny, for you’re a good girl and you’re going to be married, and I hope you’ll live long to enjoy it and that it may be more use to you than ever it was to me.” That’s what she said, and it’s the truth I’m telling you. Miss Delia was always a real lady.’

‘I’ve seen girls,’ said Mrs. Dann, ‘that looked brighter at the prospect of getting married than you do. I don’t remember shedding any tears when the late Nathan P. Dann took me to Europe for our wedding journey. But I expect you’re modest.’

‘I am not,’ said Onny. ‘Why would I? Isn’t Jamesy Casey a decent, well-living boy? And didn’t the priest tell him he was to marry me?’

‘The priest told him to marry you! Do you hear that, Bobby?’

‘Sure he wouldn’t do it,’ said Onny, ‘if it wasn’t that Father Roche said he must. What would he want with a wife when he has his mother to do for him?’

Mrs. Dann was shocked and horrified. She was a woman of keen business instincts, but she was intensely sentimental. It is a very curious thing that business capacity and sentimentalism generally go together. The English are businesslike and at the same time such lovers of stories in which there is a tender love

interest that the editors of their magazines cry out for them. The most usual occupation in England is money-making, and the most popular poem is 'Casabianca,' by Mrs. Hemans. The Americans are more sentimental even than the English. They are also keen men of business. The Germans are rapidly coming to the front as the world's most efficient clerks, and the Germans, while drinking beer, weep over love poetry and squander their souls in singing tunes like 'The Lorelei.' Onny Donovan, on the other hand, could not be taught to work methodically, but she had no illusions whatever about love and marriage. The wife 'did for' her husband, washed his clothes and cooked for him. He earned enough to feed and clothe her.

'Are you going to marry a man,' said Mrs. Dann, 'who wouldn't marry you unless he was told to?'

'I am, of course,' said Onny. 'What else would I do?'

'But that's wrong,' said Mrs. Dann. 'Bobby, what would your papa say to that? I have heard him speaking of loveless marriages as the crying evil of civilisation. He's eloquent about that; and he sets a good example. You ask your mamma, Bobby, what his feelings are. She's often talked to me about him.'

'The young lady,' said Bobby, 'may be shy about discussing her inner emotions before me. Suppose you take her away and give her a cup of tea. I expect she'd soften some in private, with tea.'

'Bobby,' said Mrs. Dann, 'you're real smart. As a reader of the human heart you're far before me. I might have known she was modest.'

'I am not,' said Onny.

'Come right along,' said Mrs. Dann.

She put her arm round Onny's waist and drew her from the room. Onny stiffened under the clasp. She was not accustomed to the embraces of ladies like Mrs. Dann. She felt very uncomfortable; but she submitted, seeing no way of escape.

Mrs. Dann took Onny into the servants' hall. The servants' hall was indeed a concession to Onny's sense of propriety. Mrs. Dann went first to the drawing-room, but Onny could not be persuaded to sit down there. It was clearly impossible to talk confidentially about love while Onny stood bolt upright, and the situation would have become worse if she were obliged to hold a teacup in her hands. Mrs. Dann tried the dining-room. Onny recognised that Mrs. Dann meant kindly by the change of room. She perched on the extreme corner of the last of a long row of chairs which stood with their backs against the wall. She sat bolt upright

with her hands folded on her lap. Mrs. Dann felt the absurdity of taking the next chair, but she could not shout the things she wanted to say across the room. The dining-room in Druminawona House is very large. It was built in the days when country gentlemen were able to entertain their friends very hospitably because there was no need to consider where guests were to sleep. They had as many people as they liked to dinner even in very remote country houses, for they knew that all but a few survivors would spend the early morning hours under the table. The houses of that time had huge dining-rooms and comparatively few bedrooms. Halls of this kind are unsuited to maidenly confessions. Mrs. Dann felt this, and retreated to the housekeeper's room. Her household was not yet completely organised, and the housekeeper's room, though fully furnished, was not yet used by anyone. It was therefore a good place for a confidential talk, and Onny felt that she had a right to be there.

Mrs. Dann herself brought tea. By way of establishing perfect confidence she filled two cups. It was pleasant to see that Onny drank hers eagerly. She had been through a trying morning. She had received, within an hour of each other, a proposal of marriage and a severe lecture for misappropriating a blouse of great magnificence. She had been taken, for the first time in her life, for a drive in a motor-car, and had crouched at the feet of two clergymen, who, if they had not intentionally kicked her, had certainly wiped their boots on her clothes every time the car jolted. She had been set by herself in a corner of a large hall, and had felt that all her misdeeds, her use of the blouse and others, were likely to be brought up against her. Onny was not a young woman of highly strung or very sensitive nerves, but after such experiences the tea was comforting. She had also cried a good deal, and crying, like other forms of exercise which rob the body of its moisture, induces thirst. Mrs. Dann placed the sugar-bowl within easy reach. Onny helped herself freely and enjoyed her tea.

'Say now,' said Mrs. Dann, 'about this young man of yours: you love him some, don't you?'

'He's a decent, quiet kind of a boy,' said Onny.

'I'm sure he loves you quite considerable,' said Mrs. Dann.

Onny was embarrassed. She bent her head down and covered one of her eyes with her left hand. Kisses are supposed to be, sometimes actually are, pledges of affection. Onny did not want to talk about her kisses.

'I wouldn't like to be talking of them things,' she said.

'There was a philosopher lecturing in New York two years ago,' said Mrs. Dann, 'whose name I have forgotten, but he was a big man from one of the universities on this side—German, I think. His subject was the psychology of sex. Some of our society leaders didn't think his talk quite correct for mixed audiences, and I admit it went rather over the outside edge of our notion of female propriety. We're rather strong on delicacy of language over our side, though we admire the Bible. I didn't attend any more after the first discourse; but I don't forget that he said some things about the value in the evolutionary process of the reserve of militant maidenhood. If he was right about that, I expect you'll be an inestimable kind of ancestor for the flying man of future ages to look back to. I can't remember that I ever met anyone with more reserve.'

'I don't know will I be all that,' said Onny, 'though I might of course. Them things weren't taught when I was going to school.'

'But I don't see that you need be ashamed to own up to a middling warm affection for your future husband.'

'He's a decent boy,' said Onny, 'and he has a nice place to take any girl home to if it wasn't for his mother.'

'You oughtn't to marry him,' said Mrs. Dann explosively.

'Is it on account of his mother? I was thinking that myself.'

'No, no. It does not matter about his mother.'

'It's all very fine to be talking,' said Onny, 'but it's me that'll have to live with her.'

Mrs. Dann was moved to high emotion. It seemed to her horrible that a young girl could thus weigh the advantages and disadvantages of what should be life's great romantic adventure. It was not in this spirit that she had entered upon her union with Nathan P. Dann, nor had she ever allowed the early glamour of her love for her Irish husband to die completely away. On birthdays and anniversaries of every kind she had reminded him by gifts, often accompanied with poetical quotations, that love was worth more than gold, that even the passage of many years could not quench it. Nathan had always been slightly bored, often as seriously embarrassed as Onny Donovan. He did not indeed, as she did, cover his eye with his hand or hang his head. He either changed the subject rapidly or left the room. But Mrs. Dann never doubted him. She explained to him—when he gave her the opportunity—that his apparent coldness was in reality the cloak of deep, unutterable feeling, that it was the reticence characteristic of strong, virile natures.

This excuse would not fit the case of Onny Donovan. Young girls have no right to be virile, and extreme reticence is not admirable in any woman who has just been wooed and won.

'You ought not to marry him,' said Mrs. Dann, 'indeed you ought not, unless you love him and he loves you.'

Her voice was usually high-pitched, but it dropped a whole tone when she reached the word 'love.' She said 'he loves you' in a deep contralto, almost religious in its suggestion, eloquent of confidential intensity. Onny, strengthened and cheered with tea, was becoming self-confident, and the conviction was gaining in her mind that Mrs. Dann was not quite sane.

'Talk sense, can't you?' she said.

'Sense,' said Mrs. Dann, 'isn't natural in a girl in your position, and what's not natural is wrong.'

It is not likely that Onny knew what Mrs. Dann meant. If she had known she would certainly have protested strongly against being blamed for running counter to nature. Onny was Irish, and Ireland is an island of saints. It is the leading characteristic of saints that they despise and defeat nature. If they merely followed it they would not be saints. Onny had, indeed, yielded to the blandishments of nature when she hid behind a laurel-bush with Jamesy Casey, and when she had received him in the rectory kitchen. But, so far from glorying in being natural, she was deeply ashamed of herself afterwards—so deeply ashamed that she went to bed in all her clothes in the hope of concealing her lapse.

'It's not natural,' said Mrs. Dann again despairingly.

Then Michael Staunton entered the room. He had a cigarette in his mouth and a copy of a weekly journal of the motor trade in his hands.

The position of a chauffeur in society is a difficult one. He refuses to regard himself as, strictly speaking, a servant, holding, very properly, that he is a scientific expert. On the other hand, he is a new man; and domestics of old-established position, butlers, housekeepers and lady's-maids, will not admit him to the rigidly defined circle of upper servants. To them he is no more than the successor of the discarded coachman. And the coachman never dined in the housekeeper's room. Michael Staunton had been in several situations and was aware that his position was a delicate one. He consented to dine in the kitchen on the day of his arrival at Druminawona House, partly because he was very hungry and wanted to dine somewhere as soon as possible, partly because he thought it wise to be on good terms with the cook. But he did

not wish to sit in the kitchen afterwards. He said that he wanted to smoke, and suggested that the smell of tobacco might be disagreeable to the cook and the other ladies present. The cook directed him to the housekeeper's room. She did not want him in the kitchen, suspecting that he might distract the scullerymaid from her duties by flirting with her. The housekeeper's room was unoccupied, and the cook, though she might have called herself cook-housekeeper, had the soul of a democrat. She had no objection to a chauffeur using a room which she did not want herself.

Michael Staunton took his cigarette out of his mouth when he saw Mrs. Dann. He was not, and knew he was not, entitled to sit and smoke in the housekeeper's room. On the other hand, Mrs. Dann had certainly much less right to be there than he had. No lady, who understood what was due to her household and herself, would drink tea with a strange maid in the housekeeper's room in the middle of the day. But Michael Staunton had good manners. He tried to make Mrs. Dann feel that he, and not she, was the intruder.

'I beg your pardon, madam,' he said.

All good servants say 'madam' rather than 'ma'am.' The abbreviation is a vulgarism, and is used now only by the higher nobility and favoured courtiers when addressing the queen.

Mrs. Dann rose at once. She had failed to make any impression on Onny Donovan, and was glad of some excuse for getting out of the room.

'I hope you've had your dinner,' she said. 'I guessed you'd be hungry when you arrived, and I just told the cook to give you a proper dinner right away without waiting for the regular hour.'

'Thank you, madam,' said Michael Staunton. 'Most kind of you.'

'You might have a fancy for a cup of tea,' said Mrs. Dann. 'If so, there's the teapot, and there's quite a complete service of china in the cupboard behind the door. When you've finished just you wind up that automobile and take this young lady down to the rectory. She'll be wanted there. But don't be in a hurry about starting. I'll send you down a letter which you can deliver to my niece.'

'Yes, madam,' said Michael Staunton.

Mrs. Dann found Bobby Sebright finishing a cigarette on the steps outside the hall door. It was the same cigarette he had lit when he left Mr. Mervyn and Father Roche. He had just got back to the house after his interview with them.

'Bobby,' she said, 'that girl's got no heart. She's not like any mortal girl I've ever met. I'm sorry for the man that marries her. He has an unhappy life before him, for sure.'

'The young man,' said Bobby, 'won't suffer any. He's been let off. Your reverend brother-in-law told me that that particular wedding wasn't going to eventuate.'

'I'm right down glad to hear it.'

'Seems to have been a mistake right the whole way along,' said Bobby. 'Prospective bride in tears; husband-elect not enthused; parish priest regretful of having misapprehended situation with the intention of benevolence. Life's chock full of tragedies arising out of good intentions. According to recent scientific research, all criminals are bubbling over with good intentions, though mistaken.'

'Bobby,' said Mrs. Dann, 'I'm going to write a note this minute to Delia Mervyn, asking her to come up here and spend the rest of the day with me. I want the society of a properly minded natural girl to restore my faith in human nature. And Delia's that. Theophilus may be a bit high-toned, but Delia's natural. It gratified me to see her going wild over the outfit I had sent along from London. You'll take that note down to the chauffeur, Bobby, and tell him to bring Delia back with him. I own up that I'm a little shy of that ceaffeur. His manners are European, and I'm not accustomed to them yet.'

CHAPTER XX.

MICHAEL STAUNTON was as courteous to Onny Donovan as he had been to his mistress. After Mrs. Dann left the room he still held the cigarette in his hand without puffing at it.

'I hope you don't object to smoke, miss,' he said.

Onny had never been addressed as 'miss' before. She was greatly pleased. She had not the slightest objection to the smell of tobacco, and at the moment there was no smell to object to. The cigarette, being one of those made of Virginian tobacco, had gone out while Michael Staunton was talking to Mrs. Dann. Onny smiled pleasantly.

'I do not,' she said. 'Why would I? Isn't Æneas Sweeny always smoking in and out of the kitchen?'

Michael Staunton struck a match and relighted his cigarette. It struck him that Onny Donovan was a good-looking girl. He

took the packet which had contained the cigarette out of his pocket, and drew a small picture from it. It was one of a series of pictures of eminent musicians. One portrait was given away with each packet of this particular kind of cigarette. This one represented Johannes Brahms. He offered it to Onny, bowing courteously.

'Many ladies collect these pictures,' he said. 'Perhaps you'd like this one. You needn't hesitate to take it. It's of no value to me.'

Onny took it. She did not collect cigarette pictures, and had no interest whatever in the appearance of Brahms. But she thought Michael Staunton a very polite young man. His manners were peculiar—unlike those of any young man whom she had ever known intimately; but they struck her as pleasant. Michael Staunton bowed again and offered her a cigarette.

'Most ladies smoke now,' he said. 'It's quite the thing after dinner in good society.'

If he expected to startle Onny Donovan, or to impress her with his knowledge of a fast and fashionable world, he was mistaken. There was nothing shocking to her in the idea of a woman smoking. Her own mother smoked, not cigarettes, but a short clay pipe. A great many other women whom she knew smoked habitually, rubbing the black twist tobacco to shreds in the palms of their hands as shamelessly as the most hardened man.

'I don't know would I like it,' she said.

'Try,' said Michael Staunton; 'it's very soothing to the nerves.'

Onny took the cigarette, and put one end of it well into her mouth. Michael Staunton lit a match and held it for her. She puffed experimentally, keeping the smoke in her mouth for as short a time as possible and blowing it away from her face vigorously. Michael Staunton sat down on the table beside her. He talked most politely, and Onny was more and more impressed by his wide knowledge of the world and evident superiority to other young men. At first he told her about his own experiences, and she was not obliged to do anything except wonder and admire. Then he began to insinuate personal questions. He wanted to know whether she was thinking of becoming lady's-maid to Mrs. Dann. Onny did not intend, if she could help it, to lose the respect of this brilliant young man. She was unwilling to confess that she was no more than a general servant in a very inferior position. She succeeded without much effort in leaving him under the impression that she was Miss Mervyn's personal maid. Æneas Sweeny, so Michael gathered from the conversation, was butler

at the rectory. He found no difficulty in believing either statement. He was a highly educated young man, and he knew that the blouse which Onny wore had originally been expensive. It looked to him well worn, quite the sort of blouse which might have been passed on from an opulent mistress to a favourite maid. He felt that he might, without loss of dignity, flirt with Onny Donovan. She was a pretty girl, with peculiar bright-red hair, and amber-coloured eyes of a kind which he had never seen before. She had chewed away half of her cigarette and smoked a quarter of it. He offered her another. But Onny did not like the taste of the shreds of tobacco which were clinging to her tongue and lips. She declined to eat any more cigarette.

'Do,' said Michael Staunton persuasively. 'A young lady never looks prettier than when she's smoking.'

'Get out,' said Onny delightedly.

Then Bobby Sebright came into the room. Michael Staunton jumped down off the table and stood rigidly upright. He understood that Bobby had brought the letter of which Mrs. Dann had spoken.

'Shall I start at once, sir?' he said.

'Well,' said Bobby, 'unless this young lady feels shy about finishing her cigarette in the open air, we may as well be getting along. I'll have my coat on when you bring the car round to the door.'

Onny dropped the mangled remains of her cigarette and put her foot on them. Michael Staunton was unembarrassed.

'You're coming with us, sir?' he said. 'Very good, sir.'

'I shall drive,' said Bobby. 'You can look after the young lady.'

He left the room. Michael Staunton turned to Onny and noticed that she was blushing.

'*Bien entendu*,' he said, with a fascinating smile. He had once driven a motor-car through France and was familiar with the language of that country. Onny was not.

'I'm sorry now,' she said, 'that I didn't learn the Irish when I had the chance. My mother talks it grand.'

Mrs. Dann helped Bobby on with his overcoat.

'You bring Delia back with you, for sure,' she said. 'I want her; and anyway it's not good for her to be shut up too long alone with Theophilus. I admire him. There are times when I could kiss him on account of the beautiful simplicity of his nature. But he's trying for Delia. It's not natural for a young girl to love Wordsworth all day.'

'The weeping bride is more natural than you think,' said Bobby. 'I reckon you're mistaken about her. Her conduct with your chauffeur is normal. I didn't think to knock at the door before interrupting, so I know.'

'Don't tell me!' said Mrs. Dann. 'Bobby, you don't mean that she's going to marry the young man with the European manners? I'd never have dared.'

'I don't go so far as to say they've fixed the wedding day,' said Bobby, 'but she'd eaten half a cigarette to please him, and that strikes me as a reliable token of affection and respect. Very few girls on our side would do as much.'

'That girl interests me,' said Mrs. Dann. 'I couldn't get her to confide, but I may have been mistaken in saying she had no heart. I'll ask Delia about her. Delia will be sure to know. She has me beat, Bobby. I expect a girl like that would have upset Nathan. The Ten Lost Tribes wouldn't have accounted for her.'

The mention of the Ten Tribes reminded Bobby of the Miracle Play. The floor of the hall was still strewn with the preliminary notices he had written before Mr. Mervyn and Father Roche burst in to disturb his work.

'We shan't be able to mail those notices to-day,' he said. 'I haven't written out more than half of them, and it might cause jealousy if we supplied the other half of the organs of public opinion with the news a day late. It won't pay us to rile any important editor by want of proper respect.'

'They can stand over,' said Mrs. Dann. 'I'll tidy up the litter when you're gone. The Miracle Play is a good idea, but it won't spoil by being kept waiting. No one else is likely to cut in.'

Bobby was smiling when he got into the motor-car. Mrs. Dann was less eager about her play than she had been when she set him to work in the morning. The intricacies of Onny Donovan's nature were exciting her. He was glad that he had undertaken to drive the car. Michael Staunton, sitting with Onny in the tonneau, would have opportunities for developing still further the normal side of the girl's character.

Unfortunately Michael would not, perhaps could not, use his chances. Onny settled herself in her corner of the tonneau and smiled at him in an encouraging way. But in Michael Staunton the scientist was stronger than the natural man. He could not treat Onny kindly while Bobby Sebright was dealing with the motor-car in a way calculated to injure its delicate mechanism. Michael Staunton leaned forward in his seat, and watched Bobby anxiously.

It was plain to him before they had gone three hundred yards that Bobby knew very little about motors. A little farther on anxiety about the car gave way to nervousness about his own safety. Bobby liked speed, and the Druminawona House avenue is not only narrow but has many corners. The wheels of the car often cut deep ruts in the grass at the sides of the avenue, and Bobby's way of getting back to the avenue was abrupt. The gates lay close ahead of them. Michael Staunton leaned further forward and ventured to touch Bobby's arm.

'I call this fine,' said Bobby without looking round.

They rushed through the gate, just grazing it with one of the mud-guards. The car swept round into the road with two wheels in the air. Michael Staunton was flung into Onny's lap. She appeared to be enjoying the fun. Michael was in a sweat of miserable apprehension. The car was running at well over thirty miles an hour and there was a steep hill in front of them.

'Glory be to God!' said Onny in fervent delight.

The road was very rough and she was bumping up and down on the springy seat. The sensation was the most delightful she had ever experienced. Michael Staunton clutched the back of the driver's seat with his hands, and stared at the road before them with glassy eyes. His face was damp and cold. He realised that a cart, a cow, or a flock of sheep on the road meant disaster. In his experience there generally were carts or cows or sheep on Irish roads. But Fate is kindest to those who least deserve her favours. The road was quite empty and Bobby swept through the rectory gate without doing anything worse than crushing out of shape one of his mud-guards. He stopped the car with a jerk which shot Onny forward from her seat and left her sprawling against the front of the tonneau. She picked herself up and crowded with joy.

'Did ever you see the like?' she said. 'Isn't he the grand gentleman?'

'I'll be damned,' said Michael firmly, 'if ever I sit in a car again when he's driving it.'

'I guess,' said Bobby, 'we did that drive in record time.'

Delia, radiant in her pink dress, stood at the door of the rectory. She had seen the car pass through the gate. Bobby took off his cap to her.

'Miss Mervyn,' he said, 'I have an invitation for you to spend the rest of the day restoring Sally May's confidence in human

nature. It's been shattered by the excessive virtue of the young lady your papa fetched up this morning.'

'Are you going to drive?' said Delia, smiling.

She was at heart quite as adventurous as Onny, and would have enjoyed dragging the rectory gate off its hinges; but she felt that the pink dress gave her the right to tease Bobby.

Michael Staunton was standing beside the ruined mud-guard, looking at it angrily. He spoke before Bobby could answer Delia's question.

'Beg pardon, sir,' he said, 'but I can't agree to your driving the car.'

Bobby looked at him for a moment with twinkling eyes. Then he turned to Onny.

'Say,' he said, 'how did you soften him? Mrs. Dann quails on account of his manners, which come straight from the highest European courts, and I'm cowed. There's no bounce left in me.'

'The way you drive, sir,' said Michael Staunton, 'is dangerous.'

'Miss Mervyn,' said Bobby, 'shall we sit at the back of the car and play we're going to a funeral with this baron propelling the hearse? Or would we get there quicker if we walked?'

'I must tell father before we start,' said Delia.

'Take me with you,' said Bobby. 'If I'm left alone with this nobleman I'll be flattened out.'

Æneas Sweeny had watched the arrival of the party from the yard gate. When Delia and Bobby Sebright went into the house he strolled up to the car. Michael Staunton was dragging at the mud-guard with his hands. It was crushed against the side of the wheel and it was absolutely necessary to straighten it.

'There was a fellow one time,' Æneas said, 'coming through that same gate with a load of turf, and before he knew what had happened him the wheel was off the cart.'

Michael Staunton looked up and scowled.

'There was another time,' said Æneas Sweeny, 'that Father Roche's mare came down opposite the police barrack and very near had the front kicked out of the trap before they got her on her legs again. But it was the sergeant's fault the damage was done. He's no good with a horse, that sergeant. Tell me now, would a hammer be any use to you?'

Onny Donovan giggled convulsively. Æneas turned on her.

'Get in with you now, Onny Donovan,' he said, 'and let you be getting on with your work.'

Onny glanced at Michael Staunton. He had been very polite to her earlier in the day. She hoped that he might defend her against attack. But Michael was in a very bad temper. His nerve had been shaken by Bobby's driving, and his dignity outraged by Bobby's taunts. He would not even look at Onny. She tossed her head and went into the house.

'If a bit of rope would be any good to you,' said Æneas, 'I've a long piece handy in the cow-house.' Michael Staunton did not want rope. He had succeeded in forcing back the mud-guard so that it no longer pressed against the wheel. He stood up and rubbed the dust off his hands.

'Tell me this,' said Æneas in an easy conversational tone: 'did you hear any talk up at the big house about play-acting or the like of that?'

'No,' said Michael shortly.

'The master's against it,' said Æneas, 'and they tell me Father Roche is terrible down on it; but it could be that the American lady would be a match for the two of them.'

'If that young man is to be allowed to drive the car,' said Michael, 'I shall leave at once.'

'You'll do right,' said Æneas. 'Sure he might have broke your neck. I'm told now that there's fine wages to be earned by play-acting. It'll be that the sergeant's looking to, I'm thinking.'

Michael Staunton took out a cigarette and lit it. His temper was beginning to improve slightly. Æneas Sweeny was a barbarian, but he spoke in a respectful tone and evidently regarded Michael Staunton as a man likely to be well informed on subjects of special interest, like the theatre. It is curious that there is nothing so soothing to a man's vanity as to be taken for an expert in theatrical affairs. No one is particularly pleased at being credited with knowing the ins and outs of the medical profession. Most men are merely bored if they are appealed to as authorities on coal-mining. But everybody likes to think that he has an inside knowledge of the stage. This may be because a tradition of the great wickedness of actors and actresses still exists. All men, even the clergy, like to be suspected by their neighbours of the gayer kinds of immorality. Æneas recognised the advance he had made.

'I dare say now,' he said, 'you'd be able to tell me how much a play-actor would be getting? If there's anybody in Druminawona presently that would know that, it would be yourself, and it's

what I'd like to have some knowledge of, so as I'd know what I ought to be asking when the time comes.'

'For a star part,' said Michael Staunton, '£500 a week is about the figure. Are you thinking of trying for an engagement?'

'For a what?'

'An engagement? A job as an actor, you know.'

Michael Staunton enjoyed poking fun at a helplessly ignorant creature like Æneas. It gave him a most agreeable sense of superiority. Æneas did not seem put out. He answered calmly.

'I have a job of the kind got,' he said; 'and if the pay's what you say it is I don't care how long I go on at it.'

For a moment Michael was startled. Then he jumped to the conclusion that Æneas must have been asked to play a part in some village dramatic entertainment. He began to explain that the position of the casual amateur is very different from that of a leading professional. He was interrupted by Onny Donovan. She appeared at the door and delivered a message.

'The gentleman bid me tell you,' she said, 'that you're to take the car home the best way you can, for himself is going to walk with Miss Delia.'

Michael Staunton, his temper restored, remembered his gallantry.

'Can I have the pleasure,' he said, 'of taking you for a drive?'

'You cannot,' said Æneas. 'Is it that one? Get along out of that, Onny Donovan, and attend to your work.'

'Let you attend to your own,' she said, 'instead of giving orders to me. It would suit you better.'

Michael Staunton looked after her as she went into the house.

'A good-looking young lady,' he said, 'and quite ready for a little fun.'

'If it's carrying on you mean,' said Æneas, 'I wouldn't put it past her.'

Michael Staunton winked suggestively. He meant to convey to Æneas the idea that he had found Onny quite ready to 'carry on.'

'When I tell Jamesy Casey,' said Æneas, 'what you're after telling me, he'll not be so set on marrying her.'

'Oh, don't let anything I've said spoil her chances,' said Michael.

(To be continued.)

LORD STRATHCONA: A SKETCH.

To write the life of the late Lord Strathcona would be to write the history of modern Canada. Few persons, either living or dead, have been more intimately associated with its development, and fewer still have laboured as Lord Strathcona laboured for the prestige of the country which he loved. He lived at a critical moment in Canada's story, and such critical moments have ever found, in the development of the world by Anglo-Saxon races, the necessary man, the strong individual, the leader, whether soldier or civilian, fit to carry great matters through and to carry them through greatly.

Yet these leaders have seldom been the men who would have been chosen by a consensus of public opinion for their suitability to the task before them. The need arises and the unexpected man appears. Sometimes he has been of humble origin, sometimes of weak physique—once he was a sea-sick sailor with a blind eye and an empty coat-sleeve—sometimes he has been unknown and obscure until the moment arrived when his services were wanted.

Lord Strathcona's figure is not an isolated one in the page which it adorns. It would be invidious to mention him above the name of his famous cousin, Lord Mountstephen, or of his able colleague, Sir William Van Horne. But his recent death has inspired a fresh interest in the life of the veteran who has passed away, and if a biographical sketch is in some sort a funeral oration, the sad honours of the occasion belong to him alone. The honour must necessarily be inadequate and the meed of praise wholly imperfect, because the future alone will show how invaluable to his country was the service of such a man as the late Lord Strathcona.

The harvest of his life, in so far as recognition went, came late. Most people are inclined to regard him as a brilliant man, always before the eyes of the world, always successful, not born perhaps to any great position, but coming into his own, and deservedly a successful man from the first. Lord Strathcona was forty-eight years old before he was made even Chief Factor in a fur company, and he was forty-eight when he leapt with all the vigour of youth into fresh activities bearing responsibilities for which he appeared to have had but little training, and into

positions of importance for which he was always equal although not ostensibly prepared.

His preparation, indeed, for the life of ceaseless public work before him was one of the most curious and most unusual that we believe has ever fallen to a man's lot. We have heard of men being snowed up for a winter. Donald Alexander Smith, as he was then, was snowed up for thirty winters. And we have heard of men being lost to their relatives and their friends for the space of a few years. When Donald Smith bade his home and his people farewell the farewell was an eternal one : he never saw his parents after he quitted Scotland at the age of eighteen. In Labrador he was almost without postal communication with the rest of the world, and he lived amongst trappers, Indians, and fur traders, and saw no one else at the very age when young manhood is most disposed for enjoyment, and in face of the fact that his limited opportunities did not, to use the common expression, seem to 'lead to anything.'

At home, it might reasonably seem that the young man would have had better chances, for he had had a sound education and his thrifty parents were prepared to make sacrifices for the boy whom they thoroughly believed in.

'Donald will surprise them yet,' his mother used to say sturdily when all her ambitions for her son were overthrown by his choosing to sail for Canada rather than to study law.

'They will be proud of my Donald yet,' she repeated when still another opening came for the young man in the form of an offer of a desk in the house of his merchant uncles, the Grants of Manchester, kindly men of good repute, who have been immortalised as the Cheeryble Brothers by the pen of Charles Dickens. But Donald had adventurous blood in his veins. Two of his uncles had travelled far and done excellent pioneer work, and, who knows, the story of their lives may have fired the determined youth to launch out into the deep rather than hug the shores of his native land and enjoy its calm waters.

There is nothing particularly arresting in the figure of a Scottish boy of the middle classes sailing for the West as many others have done before him. The heroic side of it lies in the fact that for thirty years he never turned back. Yet the discontent which every boy must feel at a hard lot and a solitary existence must have been felt by him as acutely as by any other ; his surroundings were infinitely more austere, and it is conceivable to suppose that his

courage often failed him and that the longing to return home must at times have been well-nigh unendurable. Thirteen years in the silence of Labrador might well have broken down the determination of most young men. One might even say that it would have been excusable had mind as well as courage given way. Yet we find him at the age of eighteen settling down at a lonely fur-trading station, and here for thirteen years silence falls upon him like a fog. Hardly ever did his own voice pierce the silence. Donald Smith was a quiet Scotsman who disliked talking about himself, and only here and there will be found old friends of his to whom he spoke of his life in the lonely land.

There was only one post in the year to Labrador, but every week Donald wrote to his mother. The letters must have lain beside him unposted for months after they were written, but at least they formed an outlet for self-expression and affection on the part of the solitary boy. Perhaps the punctually written letter was the result of a promise made before leaving home, and his mother may have asked him to write every week, as is the custom of mothers. He himself uttered a pathetic need when he told an old friend that when he used to get too homesick he always wrote home. One can imagine the routine of the life which included the writing of a weekly letter, and still more characteristic of the man is the well-authenticated story that he always had the *Times* for a year sent out to him, and each day the sheet was laid upon his breakfast-table and was diligently read by him. The news was a year old, but the next day's issue lying upon the top of the orderly pile was never even glanced at by him—a small act of restraint and self-discipline which, no doubt, was not without its bracing effect upon the young fellow's character.

It is not idle to wonder whether, in seeking for a man to do Imperial work for a great nation, a more unlikely spot could have been found than mist-veiled, remote, inaccessible Labrador, where in a rudely constructed wooden shack, conducting a very poor fur trade amongst Indians, the young Scottish clerk stuck to his work and did his duty.

The ice clings long about the solitary shores of that land, and the mists hang heavily through the interminable winter. The nights are long and intensely cold, the silence is sometimes broken by the cry of an animal travelling soft-footed over the snow, or by the roar of wind upon the shore. Dogs bark furiously at night-time, and when early spring comes and food is scarce they

do more than bark and howl. It is not good to meet hungry dogs when the winter supply of fish is gone and they search ravenously for scraps and food under the snow. In summer-time no doubt all was well, and the young clerks at the fur station passed their time canoeing, fishing, and shooting. But there are eight months of winter in Labrador, and it is not unusual for the thermometer to drop to 40 degrees below zero. The forests are very quiet then in the long, clear, frosty nights, and the fur stations were two to three hundred miles apart. And once a year the post came in and once it went out.

A man might live there for a whole summer and get material for a book, or a sportsman might collect provisions for one desperate winter. But thirteen years in Labrador must have had moments of dullness.

We first hear of Donald Smith quitting the inhospitable shore on account of his eyes, which gave him great trouble. His modest trip to an oculist entailed the trifling feat of walking nearly one thousand miles to Montréal in winter-time; while the story runs that Sir George Simpson, the Governor, treated the expedition as being 'absent without leave.' He sent a messenger to meet the young man and to demand of him why he had quitted his post, and ordered his immediate return, pointing out with perhaps unnecessary plainness that the eyes of one young clerk were of very little importance compared with the interests of a great fur-trading company.

Donald received the message and walked back to Labrador without having seen the oculist.

At the end of thirteen years he was transferred to another fur-trading station on Hudson Bay, where, he informed a friend of his, he had the companionship of a few employés and his own thoughts. But the Governor, Sir George Simpson, had by this time discovered one important thing about the young clerk. However poor the trade, Smith's ledgers were able to show a profit. He learned the right way to treat the Indians. He nursed some and doctored others, and he acted honestly by them. The young man with few opportunities did what he could, and on the death of Sir George Simpson he was made Chief Factor in the fur company.

And here, at the age of forty-eight, an honourable career might have fitly closed. Donald Smith had done his share of the world's work, and after a hard life he deserved the ease and prosperity to

which he had attained. As a matter of fact his real work was only just to begin.

There were quick happenings in Canada in those days. Events were succeeding each other with startling rapidity. Half a continent which had been forgotten was bursting into life. The buffalo and the moose were disappearing, and in their place were coming new men—men of vigour and of purpose, men who saw far and intended to go far, and amongst the foremost of these men was Donald Smith. The story of Canada at this time reads like something more than romance : it is a story of strong endeavour and great causes, and above and noblest of all, it is the story of strong self-assertive individualism coming to something better than it knows, fighting for bigger issues than those for which it at first set out to fight, and inspired at last by a great Imperial idea stronger than self-interest.

We cannot do more than touch lightly on the Riel Rebellion, which may be briefly described as an agitation to force the settlement of Red River from the Hudson Bay Company's rule and possession. The rapid increase of population in Assiniboia had entirely altered the Company's conditions of tenure ; and when Canada proposed, by an arrangement with the Directors in London, to take over this country, it involved a very difficult problem. To the men living there annexation by America would scarcely have seemed less unintelligible than the proposal held out by Canada. For to the West, Canada was still almost an unknown country. In the end an arrangement was made whereby the Company agreed, with some notable reservations including large tracts of land, to surrender their interests in the North-West District to the Crown. Hence ensued a long and important dispute between the 'wintering partners' and those who stayed at home and simply enjoyed the revenues of the Company. There was bold talk of establishing a republic in the North-West, and the Governor of Assiniboia travelled in hot haste to the most loyal man of the Hudson Bay Company and put the immediate danger of the case in front of Donald Smith.

A less strong or a less sober-minded man might easily have been carried away by the turmoil of talk and agitation which ensued ; but not only did Smith see with his almost unfailing judgment and far-sighted outlook that in the end the Company might very well profit by the transfer, but he had sufficient belief in the innate justice of his fellow-countrymen to believe that the 'wintering partners' would get a very fair share of the price paid in London. He could

not, however, stay the march of events which was going forward with headlong rapidity. The Deed of Surrender was signed in London ; and Canada, proud of her new possession, was already flooding it with surveying parties and speculators. The North-West, with perhaps exaggerated ideas of its own rights, resented the arrival of new-comers, and the general discontent found voice in the man who has given his name to the rebellion—namely, Louis Riel. Of the involved politics of those times we have, as we have said, not enough space to speak. Suffice it to say that the torch of insurrection was lighted when the French leader prevented by force the entrance of the new Governor, Macdougall, into the territory. Following on this came the capture of Fort Garry, and this remained in the hands of the insurgents until the arrival of the Imperial force under Colonel Wolseley.

Meanwhile the situation was both complicated and dangerous, and one of the most striking features of the general distraction which ensued was the suspicion with which men of the time regarded each other. Hardly any of the prominent actors escaped calumny and quarrel succeeded quarrel in a perfect maelstrom of suspicion and distrust.

Upon this scene entered Donald Smith, always quiet, seeking justice and doing it with that keen sense of fairness which was his chief characteristic. Not waiting for instructions from London, he set out for the North-West with the authority of Sir John Macdonald, who, in order to back his authority, invested him with the title of Commissioner. There must have been a dramatic moment when, unguarded and without even a message being sent to herald his arrival, he drove up in his sleigh to Fort Garry with no other introduction than his own words to the chief sentry, ' Je me nomme Donald A. Smith.'

He struck the right note when, in his opening appeal to the mixed races round him, he first of all claimed to be a Scot amongst Scotsmen, and afterwards in truly Imperial fashion declared that he was neither for Canada nor for the Company, but for the Country !

His belief in his country, or, as it has since been more popularly termed, the Empire, was not only sincere but was worth, as he believed, any personal sacrifice. His singleness of aim gave him a dignity such as is not often surpassed, and in the turmoil around him his large and forcible silence was more impressive than brilliant oratory or fierce denunciations. What he believed men should have, that he demanded, no more and no less. What he believed they

should give, that also he stated as plainly as he stated demands. But always at the back of his great utterances one seems to feel the great silence engendered by a lonely life and the strength that comes to a man from knowing himself thoroughly. His own thoughts had been his companions at the fur-trading station of his youth. Now his thoughts were to be put into action in the midst of the roar of men. Hot and excited were the meetings over which he presided, and always it seemed he waited until others spoke, and then with the slow gentle Scottish voice, which those of us who knew him remember as one of his characteristics to the end of his life, Donald Smith would announce a programme or deal with a situation deliberately, thoughtfully, slowly, and in a way which imposed silence on the maddest spirits round him. Perhaps of all the tense moments of the Riel Rebellion none can have been more arresting than that when Donald Smith read the Queen's message signifying her sorrow and displeasure at the lawless proceedings that had taken place. It was spoken by a man who was nominally a prisoner, and who might actually be made one any day, and yet his voice of authority never failed, while the text of his speech was Justice, undeviating and indifferent. The perturbed and excited Frenchman who opposed him called upon his men to shoot 'that Scotsman Smith' if he disobeyed injunctions, but neither this threat nor that other, which was infinitely more serious—namely, the annexation of the North-West by America—seemed to alarm him unduly. He felt throughout that direct communication with the Dominion Government was what really should be aimed at in order to effect a peaceful settlement, and the murder of Scott alone convinced him that peace could only be bought at the price of war.

In 1870 he returned to Ottawa to find himself surrounded by petty jealousies, and his important services were not even recognised until two years later, although by this time he had practically undermined the forces of the Riel Rebellion. Evidently quite unperturbed by this somewhat ungenerous treatment, Donald Smith plunged eagerly into work for the Company again, and next we find him at a motley meeting of Indians and fur traders at Norway House settling the question of the 'wintering partners' claim to a part of the £300,000 obtained by the English shareholders. His mission to London was urged in loyal terms by those who, being without great powers themselves, were content to say, 'We shall get our fair share if Donald Smith goes to London for us.'

'I will get you £100,000,' said Mr. Smith. And in the end he returned with £107,000.

The Red River Expedition under Colonel Wolseley in 1870 is a matter of comparatively recent history. Its peaceful termination gave Donald Smith leisure for fresh enterprise. He had by this time gained not only the affection but the confidence of the people of Canada. In after-years it was as little possible for him as it is for any strong man in a high position to avoid differences, and, in two cases at least, very serious differences, with those about him. His quarrel with Dr. Schultz, who at heart respected him, lasted, and lasted fiercely, for many a long and controversial year; and his sharp, painful, and wholly unexpected opposition to Sir John Macdonald doubtless brought suffering to both; while the reconciliation which followed was as much a credit to one as to the other.

His connection with Sir John Macdonald brings us abruptly to the story of the Canadian Pacific Railway. It is a tempting subject on which to linger, but even a cursory treatment of it involves the whole story of the Federation of Canada.

Canada was to become a nation; more than that, it was to become a compact and powerful nation. East and West were to join hands in a strong grip; scattered districts, provinces the size of empires, were to be joined together under one Flag, and the integrating factor was to be the great railway system of Canada. As we now know, its final triumph has been complete, but men living yet can tell tales of the difficulties and seemingly hopeless defeats of the early days of the Canadian Pacific Railway which are almost more like the personal history of a living creature than the story of a line of rails. The defeats, the hopes, the despair that followed each other quickly contributed to that personal interest which surrounds it, while the very fact that, like all pioneers, the railway was met by scoffs and gibes, carries the analogy still farther, and promotes almost a sense of affection and loyalty to the great enterprise.

In 1871 the English Press became hysterical over the mad project of a Trans-continental Railway in Canada. The 'mad project' was described as being 'just as ridiculous as a scheme for the utilisation of icebergs.' The country through which it ran was declared to be as forbidding as any place on earth and quite unfit to live in, and the Canadians themselves were accused of being perfectly well aware that the Canadian Pacific Railway would never yield one cent of interest on the money sunk in it. Not

content with this description, various towns were singled out for a frank exposure of their pretensions, and it was confidently stated that where men did not die of frost-bite in the winter they were generally killed by malaria in the summer.

Through this austere, inhospitable, ice-bound land the railway resolved to run, and the 'commercial absurdity' began in 1881.

As everyone knows, it was at first a Government undertaking, and curiously enough the man who was subsequently to be the head and forefront of the private Company which built it was at first wholly opposed to its being undertaken by any but Government. Donald Smith urged that it should be wholly regarded as outside party considerations, and stated that nothing short of a guarantee from the Government of interest on the whole amount of the bonds could induce capitalists to embark in the enterprise. It was only after each Government in turn had failed to construct the railway that he saw clearly that individual enterprise alone could carry it through. Before, however, this daring scheme—involving as it did tremendous financial issues—could materialise, came the turbulent Parliamentary Session of 1873, and with it the publication of the Canadian Pacific Railway scandals, when Sir John Macdonald's Ministry was charged with receiving funds for electioneering purposes, in return for a charter to construct the railway. A period of almost unparalleled excitement ensued, and the burning question centred round the possibility of saving Sir John Macdonald's party. His following was large, his adherents were faithful, and whatever may have been his mistakes he was a man whom Canada trusted, and rightly trusted, to act for her best interests.

Donald Smith was then Member for Selkirk and an intimate friend of Sir John. The casting vote would lie with him, and there was a breathless sense of uncertainty as to whether the amendment which would retain Sir John in power would be defeated or not. Donald Smith was telegraphed for and was closeted with the Premier for some hours, but the result of the interview remained a secret and the fate of the Government was still undecided. When Parliament met, Sir John, in an impassioned speech, appealed to the loyalty of his supporters, and with his powerful gift of oratory seemed to have carried the House with him.

At one o'clock in the morning, upon a scene of tense expectation, Donald Smith rose, and one can well imagine what effect the quiet voice, the well-weighed sentences, spoken in the rugged tone of his forefathers, must have had upon the heated assembly. But

even as he spoke no one was cognisant of the fact whether his old personal friendship for Sir John would be the deciding factor, moving him to vote for the Government, or whether the man's own inherent sense of fair play and his fine sense of what was just would triumph. His concluding words, spoken with what difficulty he alone knew, must have fallen with the dead sound of stones upon a coffin-lid to the almost frenzied party who waited for his support.

'For the honour of the country,' said Donald Smith, 'no Government should exist that has a shadow of suspicion resting upon it, and for that reason I cannot give it my support.'

The scene in the corridor of the House which followed has often been described, but probably no words will ever do justice to it. Men, wrought up to a curious state of excitement, threw off all reserve, and whether cheering or denouncing raised their voices in a roar of sound. Suddenly the crowd parted to right and left as if by magic, and through it strode Sir John. There was, no doubt, something about the advancing figure which made men draw back from his path, leaving no one in front of him but the solitary figure of the friend who had defeated him. Scot has met Scot before and the fight is always grim when it does come. Straight to the erect figure strode Sir John . . .

And there it is usual for historians to ring down the curtain. But living men who were present tell us that the fiery Premier, feeling no doubt the inadequacy of words, planted two vigorous blows upon his opponent before the surrounding crowd intervened. The language which he used meantime has not been handed down to us, but it is generally believed that Sir John was a past master in strong invective.

For many a day the Canadian Pacific Railway remained unbuilt, but in 1878 we find Donald Smith engaged in the reorganising of an American bankrupt railway, known as the St. Paul and Pacific. Ridicule was freely poured upon the undertaking by men who, without the power and the initiative which would render them capable of making a few thousand dollars themselves, are always able to prophesy defeat to those who can see farther than they are able to do. The taunt levelled at Donald Smith was that through him the Canadian Pacific had been shelved for a generation, while his Yankee Railway would be as great a fiasco as the Canadian one. Financiers and politicians derided the scheme, and in face of this, Smith, with his usual directness, formed a company with

Mr. James A. Hill and his kinsman Mr. George Stephen to teach a lesson of financial daring at which even New York stood aghast.

From this successful project, triumphantly carried through, there was only a step to the acquisition of the Canadian Pacific Railway itself. In 1880 a syndicate was formed, of which the heads were Mr. George Stephen and Donald Smith, with Mr. William Van Horne as actual constructor of the road. During many vicissitudes and many delays and disappointments Smith's belief in the project never wavered, and it is a matter of financial history that, in order to prevent the cessation of work on the line through lack of funds, he and Mr. George Stephen pledged the whole of their private fortunes to the enterprise. The last spike of the railway was driven in at Craigellachie on November 7, 1885, and the great road which Sir Edward Blake had described as 'a streak of rust across the wilderness' without earning power to grease a train's axle-wheels, had bound together half a continent.

It is almost impossible to speak with any degree of thoroughness of the work of the man who, with many goods laid up, yet seemed determined not to take his ease. After the railway had been opened hospitals had to be built and colleges had to be founded. The once lonely fur trader was always busy in a throng of men. In 1897 we find him raised to the peerage with the title of Lord Strathcona, and on the outbreak of the South African War Strathcona's Horse, raised and financed by him and largely recruited from that splendid body, the Canadian Mounted Police, which he himself had been instrumental in raising, brought Canadians and Englishmen together in a way that perhaps only those who fight side by side can understand. The magnificence of Lord Strathcona's gift cannot be reckoned by dollars—the battle-fields of South Africa are where the price of this great gift was paid. In 1896 he was made Lord High Commissioner of Canada, but the high-sounding title always seems to those who knew him to suggest but little of the man whom they remember. Rather, a memory of Lord Strathcona recalls a vision of an old man, a little deaf and with curiously gentle manners, sitting and working in a plain office room.

It was his simplicity of life and of thought which endeared him to his fellow-men, and his old friends love to recall the fact that even in the matter of taking precedence it was very difficult indeed to persuade him to 'stand in the order of his going'; while one of them recalls a characteristic story of him in connection with old

days at Winnipeg. With his usual hospitality Lord Strathcona had invited far too large a party to dine and stay the night at his house at Silverheights. In his perplexity, and suddenly realising that some dozen friends at least would be without sleeping accommodation and that the dinner provided might also be inadequate, he transferred the feast to the Club House at Winnipeg, where an excellent entertainment and fine old Hudson Bay port beguiled the party for a considerable time. Lord Strathcona meanwhile was busy at the telephone ordering extra beds to be taken out to Silverheights, and when the company arrived there in the evening he was able to give them all accommodation.

His old friend who told me the story was obliged to leave early the following morning, and passing through the hall at 6 A.M. he found his host sleeping peacefully in a straight-backed wooden chair. In his preparations for his guests he had overlooked one man.

'It was so like Donald Smith,' said his old friend, 'to remember everybody except himself.'

S. MACNAUGHTAN.

ROBERT BROWNING'S ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS
CONCERNING SOME OF HIS POEMS.¹

BY A. ALLEN BROCKINGTON.

IN the early days of 1888 a club, styled 'The Day's End Club,' was formed in the city of Exeter, to study contemporary literature.

On February 18, 1889, a member read to the Club six of Robert Browning's shorter poems. He had paraphrased some, and his reading and notes provoked much discussion. The Rev. Sackville A. Berkeley, who had become acquainted with Browning at Oxford, offered to write to the poet, and state the difficulties of the members.

Answering the questions Browning wrote :

I am delighted that you remember me, and have interest enough in my writings to put the questions concerning them which you obligingly do : I suppose the readiest way of answer will be to return them with what explanations occur to me duly appended.

This letter, dated February 22, 1889, was written at 29 De Vere Gardens. Though Browning was within a few months of his death at this time, the handwriting shows no trace of weakness. It is as firm and characteristic as in those of his earlier life.

The following is a copy of the paper. The poet's answers are italicised.

QUERIES.

My Last Duchess.

Was she in fact shallow and easily and equally well pleased with any favour : or did the Duke so describe her as a supercilious cover to real and well justified jealousy ?

As an excuse—mainly to himself—for taking revenge on one who had unwittingly wounded his absurdly pretentious vanity, by failing to recognise his superiority in even the most trifling matters.

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'"Frà Pandolf" by design':

By what design?

To have some occasion for telling the story, and illustrating part of it.

In a Gondola.

Was *she* true, or in the conspiracy?

Out of it.

Earth's Immortalities.

'Love':

Is the refrain—' (Love me for ever!) ' cynical, or sad, or trustful?

A mournful comment on the short duration of the conventional 'For Ever!'

Parting at Morning.

'And the need of a world of men for me':

Is this an expression by her of her sense of loss of him, or the despairing cry of a ruined woman?

Neither: it is his confession of how fleeting is the belief (implied in the first part) that such raptures are self-sufficient and enduring—as for the time they appear.

The question concerning 'Parting at Morning' expresses a difficulty that has been felt by many readers. Indeed one would hardly conclude that Browning referred to the 'Sun' in the third line:

And straight was a path of gold for him.

In the preface to his *Selections* published in 1872, Browning says:

A few years ago, had such an opportunity presented itself, I might have been tempted to say a word in reply to the objections my poetry was used to encounter. Time has kindly co-operated with my disinclination to write the poetry and the criticism besides. The readers I am at last privileged to expect, meet me fully half-way; and if, from the fitting standpoint, they must still 'censure me in their wisdom,' they have previously 'awakened their senses that they may the better judge.' Nor do I apprehend any more charges of being wilfully obscure, unconscientiously careless, or perversely harsh.

The passages which follow will explain the questions and answers which were given by the poet.

MY LAST DUCHESS.

Ferrara.

That's my last Duchess painted on the wall,
 Looking as if she were alive. I call
 That piece a wonder, now: Frà Pandolf's hands
 Worked busily a day, and there she stands.
 Will't please you sit and look at her? I said
 'Frà Pandolf' by design: for never read
 Strangers like you that pictured countenance,
 The depth and passion of its earnest glance,
 But to myself they turned (since none put by
 The curtain I have drawn for you, but I)
 And seemed as they would ask me, if they durst,
 How such a glance came there; so, not the first
 Are you to turn and ask thus. Sir, 't was not
 Her husband's presence only, called that spot
 Of joy into the Duchess' cheek:
 She thanked men—good! but thanked
 Somehow—I know not how—as if she ranked
 My gift of a nine-hundred-years-old name
 With anybody's gift.

EARTH'S IMMORTALITIES.

Love.

So the year's done with!
 (*Love me for ever!*)
 All March begun with,
 April's endeavour;
 May-wreaths that bound me
 June needs must sever;
 Now snows fall round me,
 Quenching June's fever—
 (*Love me for ever!*).

PARTING AT MORNING.

Round the cape of a sudden came the sea,
 And the sun looked over the mountain's rim:
 And straight was a path of gold for him,
 And the need of a world of men for me.

A DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN.

A SLIGHT woman, with a sweet impulsive face, sat scribbling a menu in a pretty drawing-room.

'The children say that Sir George's favourite pudding is ginger,' said Mrs. Stonehouse, turning to her husband, 'and as you like it too, I ordered it.'

'How the children love Dane!' replied her husband, 'and he deserves it. Very few men take the trouble for them that he does; he really cares unselfishly for them; most people only play up to children to curry favour with their elders.'

'Oh, I know how fond you and they are of him; somehow, I think he's too popular.'

'It's not Dane's fault he's been run after, Mary: try and be fair.'

'I'm always fair to people,' said the lady.

'Very well; mind you show it to-night,' said her husband. 'I shall leave you after dinner with him while I get on with my paper for Friday. I shall be seeing him on Monday. Don't squabble with him.'

'How can you use such a word to me? When I think of the men——

'Yes, dear, archbishops, ambassadors, prime ministers, viceroys, actors, generals, scholars—do you know, I think you do best with scholars?'

'Really, Bob, it sounds like "tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor"; you are odious, and I hate Sir George.'

'You never did Dane justice, Mary; he's a real good sort. He's the only one of my men friends you've failed to hit it off with. But you don't hate him, or why should you take so much trouble about him?'

'Oh, Bob, how can you be so stupid! Of course it's to show him what a friend a nice woman can be, and how different from that horrid Lady Dorothy Grant. Separated from her husband too.'

'Hold hard, Mary; Grant's an utter brute, and Dane's devotion to Lady Dorothy is so time-honoured as to be at least chivalrous.'

Mrs. Stonehouse sniffed. 'I call it barefaced of her to sit

with him, day after day, in the Square Gardens—a woman with grown-up children too.’

‘I always thought that clever of Dane, so public and so private, don’t you know. But perhaps Colonel Grant will be gathered to his fathers, and then Dane can marry her.’

‘What I think of a widow——’ began Mrs. Stonehouse, when her husband calmly interrupted her again.

‘Yes, I’ve heard you say all that before too; a woman who has twins, or a widow who remarries, can’t be really nice. And so you are going to show Dane a nobler type. Very right, I’m sure. Take off your hat, my dear; I want to look at you. That’s right. Yes, to do you justice, you flirt as pleasantly with me now as you ever did—Oh, I beg your pardon! No, you never did flirt, but you have often been late; won’t you dress now?’

The people that knew him best recognised that a valuable ambassador had possibly been lost to this country when want of means prevented Stonehouse from entering the Diplomatic Service. It is certain that he had a greater capacity for looking innocent than is given to most men, and that people not seldom found that they had given themselves away to him with startling completeness, while they had thought to cut rather a fine figure. But the fact that his uncle chose to live inconveniently long had frustrated his diplomatic ambition, and ultimately Robert Stonehouse had found a walk of life infinitely congenial to him: as a social economist he was probably without an equal. His wife sometimes sighed for what might have been, but when Stonehouse told her that his chief regret was for the great position she would have adorned, she replied with cheerful briskness that a host’s left was as good as his right, and that she was always well placed at a dinner-party.

Mrs. Stonehouse’s dearest female friends could not have said that Mary flattered herself in this speech. What they did say was, it was really inconceivable that Mary should have got the unique position which she held in her own world. And certainly it was odd, for she had taken very little trouble about it. ‘Il y a toujours l’un qui baise et l’autre qui tend la joue,’ and Mary’s triumphs had been singularly effortless. Yet she was not beautiful, wealthy, or highborn, nor was she even cleverer than the rest; why did she always emphatically count in a room? Her house was a centre in which many coteries met, and her social touch was as sure with women as with men. No one could deny to her

capacity in the management of her children and household ; her husband left the family finance to her, recognising that thus it was in abler hands. She had a happy knack of turning admirers into loyal and faithful friends ; to this end she brought to bear a judicious mixture of blindness and watchfulness. Old men adored her. She played picquet admirably, and brought to that game a greater zest than their own female belongings ever managed to put into it. The 'upper clergy,' as she called the dignitaries of the Church, to which she owed a very real and true allegiance, had a habit of finding themselves at her feet. Scant justice has been done to the penetration of distinguished clerics ; perhaps they realised what all women instinctively knew—namely, that Mary was a 'really nice woman.' Youths of various ages frankly worshipped at her shrine, and she acted the part of self-elected aunt to perfection. It is a graceful rôle to a woman '*nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita*,' that age when she has become worth talking to without quite ceasing to be worth looking at. 'Mary has as few illusions as a woman who is delightful can have,' said her husband, and there were moments when, in spite of proof positive to the contrary, Mrs. Stonehouse doubted her empire over men in the prime of life. When they told her she was 'fairy like,' in reference to her slight short figure, she had a fear that they might mean 'insignificant.' Perhaps it was this doubt, even more than Sir George's recalcitrance, that set her mind on the track of his subjection. For not only had Sir George treated her quite differently from all the other men of her acquaintance, refusing to her the subtle deference which had become part of her atmosphere, but when given a chance to amend the error of his ways by the lady in an interview of her own seeking, he had refused even to see the error. He had intimated quite clearly that Mary's attraction was not for him, and she retained a faint sense of having played and lost a game. A year or two had passed since then, and lately a surface intimacy had arisen between them. Sir George still failed to treat her with the distinction which was, in fact, her due ; a disposition to tease her, varied with indications of a casual *tendresse*, had exasperated Mary Stonehouse more than she realised. Yet his faithful friendship for her husband, and his capacity for sharing his graver interests, made her regret a little wistfully that he did not oftener show his best side to her also.

As, in obedience to her husband's hint, she went up to dress ;

she was thinking more of what was due to her personality than to her appearance, and she arrayed herself with the help of her maid in an exceedingly ancient garment. That was one of her ways; she liked to be more successful in what she termed her old rags than other women who were well turned out. Also, it allowed for her favourite scheme of surprises, as every now and then she appeared at a great function so brilliant as to rout the fear of insignificance, and to recall the immortal fact that 'Todgers's could do it when it chose.'

When Dane came up to the drawing-room he stood, for a moment, at his full height of six-foot-odd, looking at a newly purchased picture. Mary was acutely sensible of his attraction, and quite curiously unimpressed by it. Sir George was distinctly handsome with the quiet good looks that only a certain class can achieve. He had not changed much from his likeness in a photograph of Stonehouse's College Eight, with which Mary was familiar, in her husband's room. He belonged to the fair type of Englishman; but neither when hunting in pink by day nor dancing in it by night, had his tint ever been known to degenerate into the purplish hue that goes so badly with that colour. His tall spare figure was the pride of his tailor; he looked nearly as well off his horse as on it, an uncommon circumstance with men of his build. His eyes were of that shade of blue which, somehow, brings the sea to mind, and indeed his home was within the area of ocean winds, and many generations of his forebears had given gallant sailors to their country. The clean-shaven mouth and chin were meant by nature to be susceptible; a life ruled by what Sir George called self-control and firmness, and by what Mrs. Stonehouse privately dubbed 'a little horde of maxims,' had rendered them slightly wooden. Still, the humour in the face was as undeniable as the kindness in the eyes to Mrs. Stonehouse, nor did she make the mistake of underrating Sir George's brains. Indeed, she was no match for him, except that, owing perhaps to her very lack of experience, she knew her man better than the too-experienced Sir George knew his woman. He turned from the picture he had been studying, and took a chair near hers.

'And so you are standing for your division at the next election, Sir George. I had heard that Mr. Low was retiring then. I hope it won't mean a great deal of work and worry for you.'

'I think not. It entails a certain amount of readjustment of work. I should have liked to keep on the hounds without a

joint master, and I don't want to give up the Yeomanry. My directorships, of course, there's no difficulty about, but the county work I fear I must cut down. Naturally, I should not stand if I expected to be beaten.'

'No, of course not,' murmured Mary. 'I have always understood that your standing in the county is almost unique. Dane Park, with the estate, must afford a good deal of work, in spite of the deer, and then your younger brother has the Rectory, hasn't he?'

'Yes, and I think the village is a creditable one, and the tenants a contented lot, in the main.'

'What a pity Dane Park has no mistress,' sighed Mrs. Stonehouse, remembering that it was said of Sir George that off a horse he was not given to taking chances, and that whatever gossip attached to him, no girl's name had suffered.

'The suffragists will worry you,' she went on; 'you have taken such a strong line against them. But you can't be more anti-suffrage than I am. I wish I knew whether it was from respect for women, as in my case, or the reverse?'

Sir George smiled, Mrs. Stonehouse felt, enigmatically. 'I shall know how to deal with them. One does not come to my time of life without envisaging certain situations.'

Why this speech should have annoyed Mrs. Stonehouse is difficult to say, but her eyes hardened, and her voice became curiously meek as she said:

'I expect you think badly of women, and I suppose we are poor creatures, but indeed you must not judge us hardly. Circumstances are more binding on us than on you. When I look back on my own past years——' She turned her eyes full on Sir George and met the full gaze of his. The gaze was ardent and the eyes were fine ones, but Mrs. Stonehouse had a dim feeling that the part he was acting had run for a good many nights. To her his chief attraction was his really exquisite voice, and she moved restlessly as he murmured in low, but quite clear, tones:

'I wish I had known you when you were free. If I might only have tried my luck, at least my life would be a more complete one.'

Mrs. Stonehouse suppressed a wish to inform him that she was also called 'Too late,' rightly conjecturing that 'The House of Life' was not in her companion's curriculum.

'I should never have been really attractive to you,' said she;

'it pleases me that you think so, but I told you before when you flattered me with some such speech that you would never really have cared. But I do think, yes, I honestly do think, that I could have amused you—don't you, Sir George?'

The man's hand closed on hers for an instant as he replied:

'No one could fill a man's life as you could. Amuse me? Yes, that and all the rest.'

'The first time you said you could have loved me—do you remember in the garden that night at our cottage? I was rather restless and could not sleep. At last wearied out I dozed, and then I dreamed a dream. May I tell it you?'

Sir George just did not start. Heavens! was even Mrs. Stonehouse throwing herself at his head? He liked a woman to be decorously at his feet, and there was an anxious expression on Mary's face that he never remembered before. He leaned back with a slightly bored air; he was never guilty of being languid or *blasé*, and said:

'You flatter me; I never dared to hope I should figure in your dreams.'

'One isn't responsible for one's dreams, is one?' continued the lady, and there was still anxiety in her eyes as she went on:

'You won't be vexed, I hope; it's a silly dream, but I think it may amuse you.'

Yes, he *had* a sense of humour, thought Mary. She must lay fast hold of this fact, and then all would be well.

'I dreamed that I was driving fast towards Dane Park in pitch darkness, and that my errand was to tell you that all that had separated us had been a ghastly nightmare. I had never been married, had never known Bob, I was twenty years old, and longing, as you honoured me with your love, to give you mine. No thought of boldness troubled me; I compared myself to Shakespeare's heroines, and mused on the trustful alacrity with which they hastened to their lovers. At last we reached the Park gates, a scared-looking woman opened them, and I caught an exclamation which sounded like, "Here's another!" The horses tore on, and the great trees waved ghostly branches. At last lights began to show, and then I found myself at the foot of a giant flight of steps. I sprang out and ran up to the double door; I felt it a good omen that it swung slowly open before me. But what a sight met my eyes! In the vast hall surged a solid mass of female humanity, mostly young, some even schoolgirls. The din was indescribable,

and it was with the utmost difficulty that the frightened servants could hear their master's orders.

"Are the spare-rooms filled?" he shouted, and the tearful housekeeper replied, "More than full, Sir George."

"Send a saddle-horse to Mr. Dane at once, and ask him to open the Rectory; and stay—get him to light up the church, and put some of them there. It's—it's a suffrage Deputation I had forgotten."

"The housekeeper's silk rustled.

"Indeed, Sir George. And 'alf-past eleven at night is not what I should call a proper hour to wait on a bachelor gentleman."

"Her tone changed. "Oh, sir, sir," she wailed, "look there!"

"For a moment there was stillness and everyone looked into the night.

"Before the door stood a motor char-à-banc, and in it were at least half a hundred women of all sorts, colours, shapes, sizes and ages. Sir George's look of disgust as he strove to mutter "The Scotch section of the Deputation," rallied the housekeeper to his side. After all, Mrs. Stokes had nursed him as a child, petted him as a boy, spoilt him as a youth, and served him as a man.

"Sir George, my dear, hark to me. There's the stables, and so many of the horses out to grass. It's more than they deserve, a shakedown of straw—" "Hay," said Sir George, "more comfortable than straw—that will be the very thing." He turned his face away from the alcove where he and the housekeeper had been shouting together above the babel, and faced the mob. He held up his hand—there was a lull. And now I had time to feel it strange that I seemed to know so many of the ladies, and yet not to know them. You, Sir George, were as I see you now, but the girls' resemblances haunted and eluded me. Suddenly the explanation flashed on me. You were in fact yourself; we were all at the age immediately before our betrothals, the age of freedom which you had desired in each of us married women, when you told us you could have loved us. Yes, that must be it. I heard you say to a splendid young woman, "But really, Lady Feilden—" "Why do you call me that?" almost shrieked the furious girl. "Am I not Pansy Lestrangle?—what do you mean?" You turned again to the housekeeper. "Have they gone to Mr. Dane? Are the stables being prepared? Oh, the talk in the county! We must keep them quiet. Here, Brown, say that what horses are up must be taken care of: we mustn't risk them."

'A wise precaution,' murmured her listener. 'I am glad the ladies didn't oust the horses from my mind.'

Mrs. Stonehouse continued without noticing the interruption.

'Just then a footman came with news that the church and rectory were ready for what he termed Sir George's guests. You turned to me. "May I ask, Mrs. Stonehouse, whether my brother's hospitality——" "My name is Mary Stanley," I answered angrily, "and I will not leave these premises." "Then I fear a loose-box—the electric light is installed—is all I can offer," began Sir George, when our attention was arrested by a piercing scream from the gallery which ran round the great hall in which we stood. "There's a mouse," yelled a female voice, and a noise as of fire-irons being thrown with violence followed hard on the words. Then you rose to your full height, and in arresting tones you called, "A rat; I'm afraid it must be a rat." Mrs. Stokes took her cue. "The place teems with 'em," she shouted; and before the servants could reach the great doors, the stream of ladies surged out. "Quick, quick, divide them up. Head some of them to the church and rectory, then fill the stables and barns. Now, Stokes, come to the study and help me. What can we do? We must keep up the Deputation fiction, and turn it into a joke." The housekeeper considered. "The school-feast was only on Wednesday, and all the trestles and benches are left. Last year's fruit crop was that heavy that I've jam and to spare. The hams are only too good for the likes of them. Ask 'em to breakfast on the lawn, Sir George, and you shan't be ashamed of old Stokes." You clutched at Mrs. Stokes's fist with more fervour than you had ever put into the pressing of a woman's hand before. At that moment you caught sight of me, still standing in the doorway. "Goodness, Mrs. Stonehouse, what are you doing there?" "My name is Mary Stanley, and I am waiting to be taken to my loose-box," I retorted sulkily. Mrs. Stokes intervened. "You look to have more sense than some of 'em, Miss; per'aps if you would come with me we could arrange something better." There was something so sane in Mrs. Stokes, and I was so much exhausted by the bizarrerie of the situation, that I followed her meekly.'

Mary paused, and her companion said:

'Meekness seems to be your dominant note; I had never realised it before. One may learn even from "such stuff as dreams are made of." But I interrupt.'

'I followed Mrs. Stokes through endless passages to one of the

pleasantest rooms I had ever seen. I did not need to be told that it was sacred to Mrs. Stokes alone. "Now, my dear," said she, "if I may make so bold, what are you all about, badgering of my Sir George?" I flung myself on the sofa beside her, and as briefly as I could I put the situation before her. She nodded once or twice. "Yes, Dane Park wants a mistress, and though I had made all my arrangements for staying, still there's my widowed daughter always wanting me to live with her. The breakfast shall be a wedding breakfast, and Mr. Dane, he shall marry 'em in the church to-morrow morning. Then there can't be a word said." "What, all of them?" I said faintly, but Mrs. Stokes brushed me aside. "We'll have every one on the lawn to-morrow, and Master George shall choose his pick; the old Master would say it served him right being rushed like this; he knew he was always one for the married ladies, instead of taking a nice girl. Now, my dear, there's my niece has gone to her sister's wedding, and her room is all aired and ready; it's next mine, and though small, it's clean and comfortable." I gratefully accepted the good creature's kindness, and being young and tired I was soon asleep, giving but few thoughts to the different welcome I had expected at my lover's mansion.'

Sir George interrupted. 'Did you dream, Mrs. Stonehouse?' he asked; but Mary apparently did not hear him. She hurried on: 'It seemed but a moment before Mrs. Stokes was bending over my bed. "There's three hundred and sixty-five of them, my dear, and you make three hundred and sixty-six." "Three hundred what?" I said, starting up. "Females, more's the pity," replied Mrs. Stokes; "get ready and join 'em on the lawn." As soon as I could I went down, and if possible the sight was even stranger than last night's. You were walking up and down the terrace that separated the house from the lawn; below were the Deputation. One hundred were in a flaming rage, half that number were sulking; seventy were in tears, and one hundred and thirty-nine were without any apparent difficulty raging, weeping, and sulking at the same time. To this contingent I joined myself, but not before I had noticed a little group of half a dozen whose demeanour——'

'Your arithmetic,' said Sir George quickly, 'does you the greatest credit, and in a dream it's little short of miraculous.' Mrs. Stonehouse did not appear to notice his words, but she saw thankfully that his laughter was with difficulty restrained.

'The six to whom I have referred seemed the embodiment of

good temper and modesty. Their sunny looks were in happy contrast to the passions of the others ; their timid unconcern—they kept apart from the furies around them—marked them out as serener beings than their clamative sisters. I was not surprised when I saw you gravitate in their direction. All six kept their eyes on the ground as you approached, all six were well turned out and charming girls. Mrs. Stokes bustled up. "Now, Sir George, keep your promise, and choose one as soon as you have had a good look ; it's fairer to the others, poor things, and I've told 'em we'll be glad to see them all as bridesmaids, and at breakfast after." "Three hundred and sixty-five bridesmaids," groaned the unwilling host ; "I think I'm going mad." "No, no, my dear," coaxed Mrs. Stokes, "it's mad you've been and sane you'll be ; so lose no more time, there's my own dear master." At these words you approached still nearer to the group, and stood for a moment eyeing a girl in blue, the smallest and prettiest bloom in that charming posy. I heard you say, "Now is she pretty Lady Sennicots whom I once met at Proughton Abbey, or is she Mrs. Willy Graham, and who was either of them, and what stock do they come of ? Oh, well, I'm in for it now." And so you offered your arm to the damsel in blue, and still without raising her eyes she walked demurely away with you across the Park to where your grandfather's spire showed above the trees. It struck me that her aloofness from the anger of the rest of us had left her with all her attention free to devote to business, but I brushed the thought away as unworthy. Indeed, a calm seemed to have fallen over us all, and we too slowly moved across the ancient turf. The bells pealed joyously in the sweet morning freshness ; I felt in some dim way that my angry spirit was appeased. The birds sang, the sun shone, a great peace brooded over everything. As we neared the church, we met the happy pair coming out. You passed quite near to me, and I heard you say, "And now, darling, let me look at your eyes ; I have never really seen you." Was it my fancy, or was there a tone of anxiety in your voice ? There was, at any rate, none in the bride's as she answered, "Certainly, my dear ; I am Blanche Courthope, you know, and I have always been strongly in favour of Woman Suffrage. Just before our wedding I heard that old Mr. Low had suddenly died. Let us walk faster ; I want to go to your study, and draft your election address for you. A bye is always so important."

'That's all,' finished Mrs. Stonehouse lamely.

'So the dream ended there, did it?' said Sir George, rising; 'queer things, dreams. Good-night, Mrs. Stonehouse, many thanks for a delightful evening. I hope you are often a dreamer of dreams.'

Mary rose too and held out her hand. Sir George bent low over it, but he neither held it, nor raised it to his lips. Mrs. Stonehouse told herself that she ought to be pleased that, at last, he showed her the deference she claimed. Yet when he got to the door, she called him. He returned and stood looking down at her, but he made no motion to approach her.

'Sir George,' murmured Mary—and there was a note of pleading in her voice that he had never heard before—'one may see through the little ways of people one likes and yet remain friends, mayn't one?'

'That is my hope,' said Sir George.

Mary's eyes fell. When she looked up she was alone.

'My dear wife,' said Stonehouse, after thoughtfully listening to Mary's very veracious account of her evening, 'the first game you lost, you played your cards shockingly. The second you have won this evening; Dane didn't reach the Rubicon. I think I should let him win the next game, if I were you. You'll remain friends then.'

'Now Bob's being cryptic, too,' said Mary as she went up to bed, a little tired.

DOROTHEA CHARNWOOD.

THE PIANO AND ITS PLAYERS.

BY PROFESSOR G. H. BRYAN, F.R.S.

SOME years ago two of our friends were playing the string parts of Mendelssohn's D-minor trio at a private house, the piano parts being rendered by a musical expert well known at the older universities. The piano, like most other drawing-room instruments, was covered with ornaments, which began to jangle, so the pianist kept the accompaniment going with one hand while he used the other hand to take them down one by one, probably to the dismay of his hostess.

For the last eleven years I have been interested in observing the musical capabilities of the piano, and the extent to which these are, or are not, realised by piano-owners. If I were desirous of adding another to the numerous leagues which are founded to enable faddists to convert other faddists to the views which they already hold, I should certainly start a 'Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Pianos.' Considered as a mere receptacle for rugs, flower-vases, and photograph-frames, the efficacy of the drawing-room piano would be improved by exchanging the keyboard for a writing-desk, and in many households this plan would save the expense of having the piano opened once a year by a tuner. But if it is ever used the results are frequently pitiable.

The usual excuse for boxing up a piano and covering it with rugs is that otherwise it sounds too loud for the room. But the common result is that it is thought necessary to thump violently on the keys in the endeavour to obtain sufficiently vigorous effects, and often the loud pedal is held down through harmonies and discords. It never seems to occur to people that this is the best way to wear out the piano, and that it *might* be possible to get as good, if not better, effects by opening the top and playing more lightly. But there is a further important difference between the two methods.

The one great defect of the piano as a musical instrument is its want of sustaining power. When a note is struck the hammer communicates a certain amount of energy to the string. This energy is gradually transmitted to the sounding-board, and thence to the air in the form of sound-waves, so that the vibrations of the

string rapidly die down. It is not like the organ or the violin, where energy is continually supplied by a jet of air or the motion of the bow. The great desideratum is to reduce the absorption of energy to a minimum, so as to produce long, sustained, singing notes. Now the mere action of boxing up or covering a piano greatly increases the absorption of energy; consequently the pianist has to supply more energy in the initial blow, with the result of producing a harsh thud. All the most delicate components which go to make up a pleasing quality of tone are the first to be absorbed.

The plan of shutting up a piano in playing accompaniments often leads to disastrous results. On beginning a fresh note, the soloist is greeted with a thud, but is left to finish the note in solitude. There is no blending between the outlines of the solo and the shading of the accompaniment. A much better plan, suitable to a horizontal piano, is to keep the lid open but place a screen just in front of the opening. This not only prevents the sound from being thrown out too much in one direction, but it enables the soloists to be placed just outside the screen, where they can be seen by the manipulator of the piano—which is especially useful in accompanying trios.

If the drawing-room piano is maltreated, how much worse is the fate of the school piano! It is used by girls who are expected to devote an hour a day to 'practising' whether they like it or not; and you will hear scales, five-finger exercises, and simple tunes thumped out with a uniform degree of loudness, in perfectly mechanical time with no attempt at expression, and often with the loud pedal kept down continuously. The whole object of the pupil is to get to the end of the hour with as little wearisomeness as possible, and one method is to try to think of something else. Many girls are taught to play the piano, but very few ever learn anything of the *art of playing the piano*: much less do they acquire a love of music.

A uniform *fortissimo* is the general rule, and sometimes the piano is supplied with special dampers for drowning the noise.

People forget that it is much easier to play loudly than softly. In the lightest *pianissimos*, a very slight error in striking the note may cause the hammer just to miss reaching the strings.

The undergraduate's piano is also a great sufferer, especially when used to thump out comic songs, which are shouted out, at the top of their voices, by a number of students in a room filled

with tobacco-smoke. In such cases the loud pedal is never taken off.

But in recent years a new influence has been gradually making itself felt, which bids fair to obviate the need of a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Pianos. The pneumatic piano-player, with its library of perforated rolls, has had to encounter the opposition of many sceptics, but it is slowly and surely finding its way into our midst, and giving people a love of music and an interest in their pianos which they never previously possessed. It is true that many people use their players merely to grind out selections from 'The Girl in the Dining Car,' the 'Chicago Romp,' the 'Luna Park Three-Step,' and medleys introducing 'Oh, Johnnie! Come and Cuddle Me,' and 'The Things That Come Back from the Wash.' But there is growing up an ever-increasing band of enthusiasts who are devoted to their players, and who use them for enjoying and appreciating the beauties of the great classical compositions.

To the ordinary business or professional man it is an intense relief after coming home in the evening to play over one of Beethoven's sonatas or a piano arrangement of one of his symphonies, the latter with much fuller chords than can be covered by one pair of hands.

The success of the pneumatic player is largely due to the great quantity of the best music which has been published for its libraries; but an equally important feature is that, while accurately rendering the notes, it leaves the expression and interpretation very largely under the individual control of the 'player-pianist.' Listening to concerts can never give the same pleasure that an enthusiast obtains by *playing the compositions himself when he likes*, and adapting his interpretation to his particular frame of mind. The mere rhythm of music stimulates in many people a keen desire to beat time; and the pedals and levers of the player respond to this instinctive tendency by giving greatly improved interpretations.

The makers advertise that you can learn to play in half an hour, but they carefully omit to say that a piano-player places everyone in a position to *begin to learn the art of playing the piano*, that a very little time and trouble brings forth rich fruit in the greatly enhanced pleasure and satisfaction afforded by the music, and that it is possible to go on for years always increasing one's powers of interpretation and one's application of these powers to particular compositions. In the newly formed band of musical enthusiasts that the pneumatic player has brought into existence, a desire has sprung up for guidance and interchange of ideas, and this desire has found

its outlet in the *Piano-Player Review*. In this journal we find critical analytical descriptions of well-known compositions, with hints as to the most effective ways of rendering them, and keen discussions as to the uses and advantages of different primary and secondary valves, playing pneumatics, regulating-bellows, speed-regulators, and accent devices. In all of these the owner of a player is as keenly interested as is the motorist in his ignition, his carburettor, his cylinders, and his speed-gears. I know one enthusiast who cuts his own music-rolls, and very good they are!

The ideal piano-player for this class of performer should be based on the principle of 'we play the notes, you do the rest'; its powers of personal control being raised to a maximum. We are thus led to ask how far the substitution of pneumatics for fingers limits the range of possible effects.

Probably the most difficult element to learn in the *art* of player manipulation is the control of the speed-regulator. Many people set their tempo-lever to the indicated number on the roll and leave it there, and their playing sounds awful. The only way to learn to play properly is to keep constantly moving the lever, regardless of the fact that at first the music will rush off suddenly and then stop dead in the most grotesque way. The red line and pointer sometimes supplied are a great help to beginners, but the only accurate method of timing is to watch each perforation as it approaches and just passes the opening of the tracker-board, at the same time regulating its motion continuously with the lever.

This 'eye and ear method' is capable of reproducing with very great accuracy the wishes of the performer. After a little experience he ceases to make any conscious effort when he moves his lever, and, without realising what he is doing, *he plays every note or chord at the exact instant that he thinks of it*. He can time each note as exactly as if he were striking the keys with his fingers. This faculty is probably much easier acquired than most people would imagine; and when this has been done it becomes excellent practice to play accompaniments, including piano parts of trios. If a soloist omits a note or part of a bar he is easily picked up.

The possibility of striking different *consecutive* notes or chords with different degrees of loudness presents no inherent difficulty. When we come to ask how far differences can be produced in notes struck *simultaneously*, and whether in striking single notes there is any difference between the pneumatic action and the 'touch' of a pianist's fingers, we enter on controversial grounds.

The accentuation of particular notes by means of punch-holes in the music roll, and the division of the scale into halves, each controlled separately, have formed the subject of numerous mechanical devices, each maker claiming that his own is the only one which reproduces piano-playing to perfection. But these devices being mechanical are necessarily limited and stereotyped in their action. They may render some music to perfection, notably much modern music in which it is the fashion to produce exaggerated effects by strongly accenting melody notes and keeping the groundwork very much subdued. Indeed, I have heard professional pianists greatly admired although they have reproduced no effects differing from those obtainable by the punch-hole method. But most compositions have long passages unaccentuated, in which the performer is dependent on his own powers of manipulation. Moreover, tastes differ very widely in the matter of accentuation, and personally I disagree very strongly with some of the accentuations placed on the commercial rolls. I have heard a fugue of Bach played by a professional pianist at a concert with the whole of the sub-structure drowned by an over-accented treble, but I should be very sorry to be tied down to a stereotyped interpretation so entirely opposed to what gives me pleasure.

But it is when we come to the works of the early classical composers that we are in the greatest need of delicate variations in the quality of chords, and any variations that are possible in the quality of individual notes. There is no hard-and-fast dividing line between treble and bass, and the mere accentuation of one particular note out of many does not produce the almost infinite variety of almost infinitesimal differences which a musical enthusiast requires. A chord may lie entirely on one side of the dividing line of any mechanical system of dual control, and everything may depend on obtaining a pleasing balance between its component parts, sometimes making the bass and sometimes the treble parts predominate. My experiments were originally carried out largely with this object, but they have landed me in a patent specification and in face of results for which it is exceedingly difficult to give a satisfactory and, at the same time, easily intelligible theoretical explanation.

My piano-player, which is eleven years old, is provided with a single wind-chest controlling the whole keyboard, and this is governed by an accent-lever of known make. It was certainly possible to bring out the treble notes best by a short, sharp pressure

obtained by jerking the accent lever and tightening the muscles of one's feet, or to bring out bass notes by a heavy, dull pressure. But this could only be effected at the expense of breadth of contrast. A very common peculiarity of piano-players is to give with soft playing a dull treble drowned by a heavy bass, and with louder playing a shrill, strident treble drowning a weak bass; and the question was whether these results could be modified by enabling the performer to obtain increased control over the striking action.

Now this striking action is undoubtedly largely controlled by the action of the feet in working the suction-bellows. Unfortunately feet are less sensitive and responsive than hands, especially if they have been used for pedalling a bicycle or enclosed in tight boots. But their action is largely modified by certain bellows controlled by springs. One is usually called a reservoir-bellows. Another, a much smaller one, may be described as a regulating-bellows. When the air tension in it is increased it collapses and closes an air-valve; when the tension decreases it expands and opens the valve. Other alternative valves can be operated manually, but there is no preventing these bellows from opening or shutting of themselves. Thus in playing loudly the regulating-bellows is considerably compressed and it opens and shuts smartly; in playing softly it is expanded and its movements are more gradual.

If you visit a piano factory, or examine your piano, you will find that the size of the hammers varies continuously from the treble to the bass. And the principles of elementary dynamics tell us that it is easier to set a light body in motion than a heavy one. If you apply the same force to both for the same time, the lighter one acquires the greater velocity.

You can effectively set a cricket-ball in motion by sharply striking it, but with a cannon-ball you will be more successful if you push it for a considerable length of time.

Apart, then, from other possible explanations, there is every reason why a short, sharp blow should produce the best effects in the treble part of the piano, and a longer sustained, heavy blow in the bass. Try it on your piano by striking four successive C's simultaneously with your fingers in octaves, first smartly and then by pressing the keys down heavily. You will find that the upper C predominates in the first instance and the lower in the second. And you will realise that as long as you have no control over your regulating-bellows it must be difficult to bring out your treble effectively in soft passages or your bass in loud ones.

The plan which I decided to try, experimentally, was to remove the spring from my regulating-bellows, and to control it by a lever carrying a load which, by varying the leverage, could increase or decrease the tension from time to time, according to the character of the music; and at the same time to apply to the lever direct hand-pressure which could be instantaneously varied in playing individual notes or chords. The first test was made with a very roughly rigged-up contrivance formed by a lever of bamboo, a few strings, and a kitchen weight.

I had always regarded the Scherzo from Mendelssohn's 'Reformation Symphony' as the most unplayable composition in my collection. It was impossible to get proper repetition in the opening chords except by smashing out the delicate *pianissimos* with a loudness which quite ruined the effect. So this was the first roll I tried, and the result was perfect repetition with that absolute lightness of touch which is so characteristic of Mendelssohn's compositions. I have since then very carefully inspected many of the best and most up-to-date players on the market, but in no case do I find it possible with them to obtain that perfect control over the striking action which this device affords, while the exertion of pedalling them is far greater, and indeed appears to me to be twice as great. Even the slight stretching of a wire connecting my lever with the bellows may completely ruin the touch. And these results suggest an interesting conclusion.

It is commonly said that pneumatic playing is lacking in a certain element vaguely described as 'touch.' Till I had fitted this auxiliary lever I did not think that this particular difference really existed; but when I again tried to play without the lever—as I had done for ten years previously—I found that the effects seemed very mechanical in comparison, and the pedalling far more tiring. This indicated that there must be a difference between finger-playing and that of the commercial player *not less* than that shown in these experiments. Several people are now trying this additional method of control, and in every case they notice improved effects which are very difficult to describe or to understand from merely reading a description.

It might naturally have been thought that while it was theoretically possible to differentiate between notes in different parts of the scale, the possibilities in this direction would be so limited as to have little influence on the playing. As a matter of fact, the power of differentiation seems *almost* if not quite to extend to

individual notes. There may be a marked difference between the upper and lower notes of a comparatively short chord even though that chord be situated entirely on one side or the other of the dividing line which characterises instruments fitted with dual controls. If we take as an example the Funeral March in Beethoven's Third Symphony, the melody notes can be brought out by applying pressure to the controlling lever for a certain time, which must not be too long or too short, but must be known from experience. If we adopt the photographic term, every note of the piano requires a different 'exposure' to produce the maximum effect, this exposure being extremely short for the extreme treble and gradually increasing up to the extreme bass.

Were we only concerned with varying the quality of *chords*, there would be no great difficulty in reconciling experiment with theory. But this method of control appears capable of producing marked differences in the quality of individual notes when played alone. Take as an example the opening trombone solo in Mendelssohn's 'Hymn of Praise.' Playing this passage with the piano-player one's instinct tells one to strike each note with a short, sharp impulse, which can best be described by comparing it with the 'screw-back' stroke in billiards. And the result is to produce a kind of metallic twang, which I should certainly have attributed to my own imagination had not other people noticed the same effect. To obtain a soft quality of tone one instinctively applies the action corresponding to a 'following' stroke in billiards, and the result is as expected. Thus the question arises whether it is, or is not, really possible to produce differences of tone-quality by striking the keys of a piano with different kinds of touch?

A most surprising fact to my mind is that so large a number of people disbelieve in this possibility. One might naturally expect a mathematician to hold such views, but the people who deny the dependence of tone-quality on touch are, as a rule, not the mathematicians.

But it will be asked by some, What is meant by *tone-quality*? The sound of one note produced by any musical instrument, or by singing, is not merely a single, simple vibration, but is made up of a number of different vibrations of different periods. The slowest vibration is called the fundamental tone, the others are the harmonics or overtones. In the case of the piano, the frequencies of vibration of the fundamental tone and its harmonics are in the proportion of the numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and so on: 1 represents

the fundamental tone, 2 its octave, 3 its twelfth, and so on. To prove that these exist, take two notes separated by the interval in question, press down one of them so as to raise its damper without actually striking the note, then sharply strike the other note, letting its damper fall instantaneously. You will hear the higher component tone repeated by the unstruck wire.

'Tone-quality,' then, depends on the mixing of certain vibrations in different proportions. No musical instrument yet invented allows an absolute control over tone-quality; you cannot reproduce the tones of a trombone on the piano, or those of a violin on the flute. In the gramophone, the tone-quality of the resonator predominates largely over everything else.

Now in order to produce *two* differences in the sound generated by a pianoforte-string when struck by a hammer, it must be necessary to produce at least *two* differences in the behaviour of the hammer during the small fraction of a second that it is in contact with the string. Loud or soft playing can evidently be obtained by increasing or decreasing the striking velocity of the hammer; but if the tone-quality is to be varied at all *independently of the loudness*, it must be possible to produce some other independent variation in the circumstances of the impact: for example, by altering the length of time that the hammer remains in contact with the string. Three possibilities suggest themselves, and there may be more.

One is that the hammer continues to be connected with the key during the whole operation of striking a note. It will be found that it is in general impossible, to press the hammer slowly against the string, and, moreover, if this were possible, the note would be 'blocked' and the tuner would be requisitioned. But parts of the check action might, or might not, be *projected* so as to accompany, or not accompany, the hammer while striking the string.

This explanation has been considered by Mathay, the well-known exponent of touch, but it appears improbable.

Another suggestion is that the hammer may strike the string more than once in playing a note. Most piano-makers emphatically assert that the whole object of the check action is to make a second blow impossible; but I have just heard of an 'Erard' piano in which the hammer strikes the string twice, and the action of my 'Collard' renders a double impact highly probable.

The third solution, which has been supported by Mathay, associates these differences of tone-quality with vibrations in the

stem of the pianoforte-hammer. A short, sharp pressure, applied for a part of the time that the key is being depressed, will certainly cause the stem to bend before the head of the hammer has taken up the motion. A more gradual application of pressure may enable the hammer-head to move with the same striking velocity without the stem undergoing the same flexure. It is clear that, even if the hammer be disconnected from the key, its behaviour must be greatly influenced by the amount of bending in its stem at the instant of release.

So far as I have ascertained, no decisive experiment has yet been made regarding the dependence of tone-quality on touch. It is easy to obtain negative results, but certainly there are many people who notice conspicuous differences in the effects produced on my piano-player fitted with its new control. The experiments, moreover, have an interesting bearing on the popular belief that a piano-player can never reproduce the touch of the human fingers. Here is a contrivance which is exceedingly sensitive to the touch of the controlling hand, and with it effects appear to be obtainable which either cannot be obtained, or can only be obtained with difficulty, in the ordinary piano-player. If this view be correct, it may be safe to advance the suggestion that the element usually thought missing in pneumatic playing, and commonly described as the touch of the human fingers, is associated with the production of differences of tone-quality, and, if so, that this element can be restored by increasing the manipulator's powers of manual control, and so transmitting his actual touch to the notes.

There are many questions regarding the future influence of the pneumatic player on musical art with which it would be impossible to deal fully here. The music-teacher will not be eliminated, but, instead of teaching scales and exercises to unwilling schoolgirls, he will be called into requisition to instruct enthusiasts, often city merchants, in the art of interpretation. The professional pianist will be listened to by a much more keen and critical audience than he has hitherto faced. He will no longer be applauded for slap-dash execution, but will have to devote his attention to delicate tone effects which are now ignored by his hearers. It will be an enormous blessing if the player piano can be made to supersede the existing school piano. The few pupils who are really musical enthusiasts will still want to be freed from the limitations of the music-roll, and they will learn to play with fingers as in the past. What will be eliminated is the waste of time incurred in giving lessons to

pupils who never can, and never will, become sufficiently expert pianists to give satisfaction to themselves or anyone else.

There are, unfortunately, a few limitations. Ordinary sheet music is divided into bars, and the number of beats in a bar is indicated by such signatures as C, $\frac{3}{4}$, and so on. A music roll has no indication as to whether it is to be played in three or in four time. Again, while the repertory of music-rolls is undoubtedly very large, it is far from complete, and very little is now being done to complete it. A new gauge has recently been quite unnecessarily introduced into the music-rolls to give an extended compass that could have been equally well secured by a simple pneumatic device; consequently, the makers are duplicating, triplicating, and even quadruplicating their libraries with no corresponding increase in their repertories. Haydn's symphonies are hardly represented at all. The owner of a player organ is even worse off, as he cannot play standard music. A further defect is the need of winding up and putting in a new roll in the middle of a long movement, because piano-players will not take rolls up to four or four and a-half inches in diameter.

During the last century the late Sir August Manns did much to awaken a spirit of enthusiasm for classical music in the British public. It is to the pneumatic piano that we now look for extending this influence and producing a class of concert-goers even more appreciative than their old Crystal Palace predecessors. And it now appears certain that the substitution of pneumatic for finger playing need not necessarily involve the sacrifice of 'human touch' with which it is usually associated; but that, with increased facilities for personal control, an almost infinite variety of effects, not improbably including differences of tone-quality, can be transmitted, perhaps, with as great or greater ease than in the manually performed instrument.

EARLY VICTORIAN AMUSEMENTS: ETON AND ELSEWHERE.

AMUSEMENTS change. An octogenarian remembers many such changes. My life began at Eton in 1832; but, when I was about two years old, my father, who had become a Fellow of Eton, was appointed to a living in Northamptonshire, at which, thenceforward, we spent the greater part of the year. Yet, as my elder brother and myself were long at school at Eton, my memories of games and the like are prevailingly Etonian.

We of the Cloisters, Provost and Fellows, eight households, formed a very friendly society. All the houses, save one, were linked together by the Cloisters, and above them by the Gallery—it was always then so called, not, as now, ‘the Corridor.’ There were many social evening gatherings, the dinner hour being six or at latest half-past. To these our ladies used to be carried round in the sedan chair. In our early childhood we, of course, saw but little of our elders’ entertainments. It was an age when card-tables were set out; but the Cloister play was (I believe) quiet; rubbers of whist, or of the older quadrille—of which one of my early Cloister play-fellows, G. R. Dupuis, remembered the rules throughout life, having played it at his home.

Mrs. Grover, the widow of a Fellow whom I well remember, told my mother, in my hearing, how once a hostess in the Cloisters omitted the card-tables, wishing (like Mrs. Proudie at Barchester) to raise the tone of the College evening party. Whereat old Provost Goodall, in no good temper at being deprived of his rubber, ‘went banging up and down the room.’

Of cards, however, in our home there was but little. We children played round games; but more of these down in Northamptonshire, at some of our farmers’ houses. ‘Commerce,’ ‘Speculation,’ were favourites: also especially ‘My bird sings.’ In my schooldays whist was played by boys on the sly; but I myself never even learnt the elements of it till half through my Cambridge time at King’s. I came to like whist, and to play fairly—even long whist survived here and there. In Liverpool, with some old-fashioned folk, we played it in 1859–62. Bridge has now ousted whist; itself

suffering new changes, and perhaps doomed to fall. My father's favourite indoor game was chess : he taught me this ; and I learnt to beat him about two years before I left school. In College at Eton I was rather stronger than the two or three with whom I played ; but there was a boy, three years my senior, W. Wayte, much better than I. With him I came to play later ; he taught me much, and afterwards became one of the very first English amateurs. Chess was, I think, more played in family circles then ; there were few Chess Clubs. A curious variation, chess for four, on a board of 160 squares, came in ; it was said to be in favour with Prince Albert, and I see that in ' Lady Lyttelton's Letters ' he is mentioned as playing it. An uncle of ours got a four-chess board ; and I sometimes played with him and two others. But the games were tediously long, and productive of wrangling between partners : and the invention never came into great vogue.

Music was much in favour with us of the Cloisters. One very early recollection I have of a concert jointly organised by us and the Dupuis family, just after Mr. Dupuis as a Fellow came into the next house to ours (1838). My mother was an excellent pianist, and one of her sisters played the harp well. A niece of my mother, early left a widow, was often with us ; she and my mother had been favourite pupils of G. G. Ferrari, a musician of note in his day. These two often played piano duets : I never heard better (if so good) amateur pianoforte-playing. A musical old clergyman in Essex used to say that he would any day drive the ten miles between his Rectory and Tiptofts (our cousin's home) to hear these two play the overture of the ' Nozze di Figaro.'

My best-remembered musical treat in my schooldays was hearing Jenny Lind in ' Puritani ' (1847). I was enraptured ; so was my elder brother. Still echoes in my ear her ' Son vergin vezzosa.' Also Lablache in ' Suoni la tromba.' Many musical celebrities I have heard from time to time ; but fewer as years went on : my younger days, proportionally, gave me more musical store. Boys were hardly ever then taught music in schools. Girls were all put to the piano, hardly any to the violin ; but in this fashions have changed for the better.

To pass to outdoor amusements. We children of the Cloisters naturally copied the school games. Cricket, boating, football, fives prevailed : there were no racquets at Eton then, and very little hockey.

In the Cloisters there were eight or nine of us playmates, in three

families: of these, besides myself, but one survives. I described (sixteen years since) to one of my girl-playmates:

‘ . . . our cricket
When three piled hats composed the wicket,
Wherewith we venturesome profaned
The College garden lawn, restrained
Now and again, when voice severe
Rebuked us from a window near,
Your father, or some other Don,
Scared fled we, but returned anon.’

About the school games, matches, etc. we heard much. Old pictures of cricket in the early nineteenth century are known to all. The stiffer attire, the tall hats—white beaver very often—survived into the tent matches of my earliest recollections. Some of the bowling continued to be under-hand, e.g. Marcon’s, in the eleven (1841–2); but Fellow and G. Yonge were round. Even in the lower games round-hand was gradually displacing under-hand while I was at Eton. Among players against the boys I remember Sir H. Jenner as bowling with a peculiar action: some said it was a jerk and ought to be disallowed.

Of professionals there were few then in the tent matches. I remember Clarke and Lillywhite. A book came out during my last years at Eton, ‘Felix on the Bat.’ In the frontispiece was Felix flying merrily on a (leathern-winged) bat’s back, in Ariel fashion. Professionalism has greatly grown in all games. At Eton we had none of it then. No doubt cricket may be made actually better through professional supervision. But did not boys learn more valuable lessons by self-rule and organisation? Old Etonians, of course, were often in the playing-fields; they gave advice, hints, and example in practice. Masters, too, there were at Eton, good cricketers (notably E. H. Pickering). But there was no regular superintending of the cricket by one Master: nor yet of the boating. Masters looked on, and took interest in games, but left the boys to rule themselves.

A. D. Coleridge, in ‘Eton in the Forties,’ has described our Eton playing-fields. My time was but three years after his. I was ‘a dry bob,’ but not nearly in the first flight. Now and then, in 1851, I played in the Upper Club game, through the after twelve, after four, and after six, and had *al fresco* tea in Poet’s Walk. But ‘Lower College’ saw most of my cricket.

One summer I with another Colleger had a 'chance-boat.' My longest row was to Monkey Island and back, with the late Sir A. C. Lyall, in 1849. H. W. Harper and I all but won the Colleger pair-oar sweepstakes (1851): he, my life-long friend, after years of work in New Zealand, now a retired Archdeacon in England, still lives to witness if I lie.

There were also water-parties, when, with 'leave,' on a holiday, one went farther afield. These excursions were mostly up-stream, often by wheels to Maidenhead, thence by rowing up to Cliefden, Cookham, Marlow, and all the way down by river. Tutors used to take parties of their pupils, and by some Cloister families such expeditions were organised. I dare say the same are in vogue still. But the greater traffic on the river, steam-launches, house-boats, etc., must, I fear, have changed and impaired the quiet enjoyment of such Thames frolics.

The Eton autumn Half was marked by football. There were three kinds of games: the Wall, the Field (the chief game only for Oppidans), and Lower College. Rugby football was to us utterly unknown. I liked best our Eton field game; and, even while Master at Rugby, boldly upheld its superiority. Football was of old mostly a schoolboy's game. Dr. Temple, Schoolmaster and Archbishop (with whom I incline to agree), thought it were well that it should be that only. But now it is widely played by older athletes, chronicled in many papers, its champions extolled almost as national heroes. Some think nowadays that 'bodily exercise is profitable for [much more than] a little.' However, let none put me down as averse to or slack in games. When I was in the lower part of the Sixth Form at Eton (1850), we eleven challenged in the Colleger field game the best twenty-two that could be brought against us, and beat them easily.

To the Half between Christmas and Easter belonged especially fives. Of Eton fives the peculiarities, pepper-box, etc., were originally determined by the buttresses and ledges of the chapel. No other fives-walls existed when I entered the school in 1843. I remember seeing the choice fives players of the age before mine perform there on the four-wall just before eleven o'clock school: Herbert James, J. L. Joynes, Fred Ccleridge, C. Patteson (Martyr Bishop). New four-walls were built during my schooldays on the Eton Wick road. One memory I have of these is that, while I was back at Eton as a scholar of King's (about 1853) playing there with some Masters, the then Prince of Wales (Edward VII. to

be) came and looked on with his tutor (C. F. Tarver or H. M. Birch).

Another amusement of the Lenten Half was 'jumping.' There were paper-chases, jumping-parties privately arranged, a school steeplechase (only one, I think, then). We had no 'runs' with fixed course and much of road and path, as is the Rugby wont. Boys of about the same age and powers went out together, some one led the jumps, and it was a point of honour to follow, not to be 'stuck-up.' Our jumping was nearly all over brooks; some of their chief names I chronicled in lines sent to my friend F. St. J. Thackeray in 1896, how we

'O'er Chalvey or Cold Norton took a flier,
Or plunged black-breech'd in Upton's Stygian mire.'

Besides the leading games of the seasons, pettier amusements charmed us at times. Collegers in the corridors, late in the evening, practised single-sticks, also high-jumping. With some nimble-fingered boys 'knucks' found favour. Five knuckle-bones, the smaller the better, were used. The most skilful player I ever played with was H. B. Wilder, my Cloister-mate, a nephew of the Fellow.

One of a list of games in vogue at Eton about a hundred years ago is 'Peg top.' I remember, before I entered, when my brother was already in the school, that peg tops came in fashion, probably among the lower boys. There was another game that my father described to us as prevalent in his schooldays (1804-1812), 'The devil on two sticks.' It was played with a double cone balanced, and made to run and leap on a string between two sticks. It was revived as a toy not many years ago, and re-named 'Diabolo.'

Dramatic ardour burned among Etonians now and then; but there were no regular school theatricals. I have a memory of plays acted at Mr. Balston's (afterwards Headmaster). One was 'Bombastes Furioso.' And a little later this same, with 'Box and Cox,' and 'His Last Legs,' were acted in a room up Eton. Our best actors were Frank Tarver and Arthur Coleridge. The 'Fusbos' of A. D. Coleridge is fresh in my memory. To him also was, I think, due the amusing playbill, in which W. W., a distinguished scholar, was announced—'Mrs. Bouncer; Wait (Wayte) till you see her.' (Alas! since I wrote this, A. D. Coleridge has passed from us.)

One recreation I must not entirely omit—angling. Thames then had its barbel-fishers, and more ambitious spinners for trout about

the weirs. But few Eton boys fished : our leisure times were too short, our games engrossing. Once a boy, a companion of my brother's, brought in to show us a pike of nine pounds, wired in Cold Norton.

Provost Wotton long ago invited Izaak Walton to visit him 'in the approaching season of the fly and the cork.' And we know from Izaak himself, that he often fished with Wotton. The Provosts of my young days (Goodall, Hodgson) were neither of them anglers. But one of the Fellows (G. J. Dupuis) I have seen fly-fishing from the Fellows' eyot. Mr. Batcheldor, the College lawyer, managed the College fisheries. A large Thames trout of sixteen pounds, netted in the College waters, was by him sent in to be shown to my father ; I remember seeing it lying on our kitchen table. Mr. Batcheldor was skilful with the rod. One day my brother and I saw him catch a number of large chub, fly-fishing with a red palmer from the shingly islet that then lay off the lowest point of the Fellows' eyot. This gave us about our first idea of fly-fishing : we both afterwards became eager in this sport, and many were our adventures in North Wales, Scotland, and Devonshire.

Early Victorian amusements were less organised than games are now, less made public in print, less mixed up with professionalism ; but not less enjoyed. 'No play' (says the proverb) 'makes dull boys' ; and probably dull men too. But here I stay my pen ; lest what was pleasant in the doing be tedious in the telling.

W. C. G.

'BROTHERS-IN-ARMS.'

(The scene is Sir Arthur Fairford's library in Collingham Gardens, S. Kensington, and the time late on a December afternoon. The room is dark, and Sir Arthur, in his dressing-gown and black silk skullcap, lies asleep in an armchair by the fireside, his hands peacefully crossed on a stick. He is eighty-six, with a small hooked nose and a trim white moustache; a little bent and frail, but by no means senile.)

A motor-lorry rumbles past. Then Sir Arthur moves uneasily and gradually wakes; stares in front of him, blinks, rubs his nose.)

Sir Arthur. Hullo! (Looks about him vaguely.) I must ha' dropped off. Don't often do that, in the daytime.—Wonder what o'clock it is? (Sounds repeater watch.) Quarter to six!—Look at that now! (Finds electric-bell cord at his elbow and rings; then settles himself in chair, staring placidly in fire with hands on stick.) I've been fast asleep. Dreaming.—Old times. Old times, in India. (As Cokayne, his butler, enters :) That you, Cokayne?

Cokayne. Yes, Sir Arthur.

Sir Arthur. Evening paper come yet?

Cokayne. Not yet, Sir Arthur.

Sir Arthur (grunts; then, half aside :) Now what the deuce else did I ring for? (Looks up at Cokayne, puzzled.) Something I wanted to ask you.

Cokayne. Your pipe, Sir Arthur?

Sir Arthur. No, thank you; won't smoke any more just yet. It wasn't that.

Cokayne. Fire's getting rather low, Sir Arthur.

Sir Arthur (placidly). Don't touch it. Nice red glow. Like an Eastern sunset. (Guiltily :) Fact is, I've been asleep, Cokayne.

Cokayne. Do you good, Sir Arthur.

Sir Arthur (chuckling). Hope so. That was the ideah! (Front-door bell rings.) Hullo! Front-door bell? Six o'clock?

Cokayne. Will you see anyone, Sir Arthur?

Sir Arthur. Well, I don't know. Who d'you think it's likely to be?

Cokayne. Mr. George; or might be Mr. Frank, Sir Arthur. It's about their time, coming home from the City.

Sir Arthur (resigned). Well, show them up.

Cokayne. Very good, Sir Arthur. (*Exit.*)

Sir Arthur (with hands on stick, staring into fire). Master George, or Master Frank, eh? Come to find out why the dickens their poor dear uncle ain't dead yet. (*Mildly.*) Oh, shame to say that! They're good fellows, both of 'em; but I suppose they must sometimes think of it. (*Chuckles.*) I know I should! (*Calls over his shoulder, as Cokayne re-enters.*) Well? Who is it?

Cokayne (announces). Sir Thomas Arkle, Sir Arthur.

(*Sir Thomas follows him in; a tall, thin, frail old man of ninety-one, muffled up in a greatcoat and wrapper. His face is fresh-coloured, with a white moustache, old-fashioned mutton-chop whiskers, and a good deal of white hair.*)

Sir Arthur (twists himself round in chair, astonished, while *Cokayne* helps *Sir Thomas* out of coat and wrapper). Tom? Tom Arkle? What the devil are you doing out at this time o' night?

Sir Thomas (pipes cheerily). Oh, I don't know. Why not? Come to see you.

Sir Arthur (touched). That's very good of you. Delighted to see you. Delighted! (*As Sir Thomas comes down to him, rather unsteadily and waveringly, and shakes hands heartily.*) Sit you down, old boy; sit you down.

Sir Thomas. Thank 'ee. (*Sits the other side of the fireplace.*)

Sir Arthur. Make yourself at home. Oh, by the way—*Cokayne*! (*Sees Cokayne has gone, finds bell cord and rings.*) Excuse me one moment, Tom. I knew there was something.—Had your tea?

Sir Thomas. Yes, thank 'ee. Long time ago. (*Puts hand up to shield off firelight.*)

Sir Arthur (as *Cokayne* re-enters). *Cokayne*, I knew there was something. Have you sent again to ask how poor Lady Macallan is?

Cokayne. Not since lunch, Sir Arthur.

Sir Arthur. Well, you might just send some one round there before dinner. My compliments.

Cokayne. Very good, Sir Arthur. (*Exit.*)

Sir Arthur (sighs heavily). She's very bad, I'm afraid, Tom.

Sir Thomas. Who is?

Sir Arthur. Poor dear old Lady Macallan.

Sir Thomas (mechanically). Oh, I'm sorry to hear that. (*Puts up both hands.*)

Sir Arthur. What's the matter? Fire too much for you?

Sir Thomas (querulously). Well, it's rather trying; coming in out of the street.

Sir Arthur (rising). Wait a minute, old boy; wait a minute. (*Soothingly:*) I'll do it for you. I'll manage it. I'll look after you. (*Places screen between Sir Thomas and fire.*) That better?

Sir Thomas. Yes, thank 'ee. You see, Arthur, it's my eyes are so weak.

Sir Arthur. Bad job. Bad job! (*As he resumes seat:*) And how are you other ways, old friend? All right?

Sir Thomas. Pretty well. Considering *Anno Domini*. (*Explodes:*) If I could only sleep!

Sir Arthur (suspiciously). How much sleep d'you get?

Sir Thomas (garrulously). Oh, well, I go upstairs about ten; soon after ten; after a game or two of patience, y' know. Depends if I get the damn'd thing out.

Sir Arthur. Just so!

Sir Thomas. Then I potter round till about twelve; one thing and another; getting straight. Hop into bed about half-past; read till two—

Sir Arthur (bluntly). When d'you wake up?

Sir Thomas. About eight. As a rule.

Sir Arthur. That's not so bad. Six hours!

Sir Thomas (vacantly). So much as that?

Sir Arthur (half aside). More than I ever get, by a long chalk. (*Aloud:*) But what beats me is your coming out at this time o' night. You didn't come alone? (*On Sir Thomas' silence:*) Did you?

Sir Thomas (leans forward, with hand to ear). Didn't I do what?

Sir Arthur (loudly). I say—you didn't come here alone?

Sir Thomas (mildly). No, no. My boy Fairfax brought me. The General.

Sir Arthur. Why wouldn't he come up?

Sir Thomas. That's more than I can tell you. (*Sinks back in chair.*)

Sir Arthur. Long time since you've been out like this, after dark, in the winter? Isn't it? (*Silence. Aside, fretfully:*) Oh dear! Oh dear! How deaf he is! Well, it ain't worth repeating. (*Sinks back in chair. Long silence.*)

Sir Thomas. And how are you, Arthur? Eh? Pretty fit? (*Leans forward.*)

Sir Arthur. Splendid! Walked twice round the gardens here, yesterday. That's all!

Sir Thomas. You did?

Sir Arthur. Yes, sir. Like a Trojan. Sitting down a bit, y' know, half-way. Resting. (*Struggles to his feet.*) Wait a minute; I'll show you something. I'll show you something, my boy; make your hair curl. (*Finds stick and shooting seat combination, and brings it down to Sir Thomas.*) There, old friend; what d'you think of that?

Sir Thomas (*looks at it, and then up at him, puzzled*). What is it?

Sir Arthur (*with immense pride*). It's a Seat.

Sir Thomas. Oh? (*Peers at it.*) How d'you open it?

Sir Arthur. Perfectly simple. You press a spring—here. (*Presses spring; nothing happens. Aside:*) Well, I'm shot! Worked all right in the shop. (*Aloud:*) D'you like it?

Sir Thomas (*peers at it*). First-rate. (*Looks up at him, puzzled.*) Only I don't see what there is to sit on.

Sir Arthur (*vexed*). Sit on? Don't I tell you?—You press a spring! (*Tries again to make it work, and fails.*)

Sir Thomas (*watching him closely*). Oh, I see. You press a spring.

Sir Arthur. That's all.

Sir Thomas. But what d'you want it for? Plenty of seats in the gardens here, ain't there?

Sir Arthur. Yes, but they're so damp; this time o' year. I went and sat on one of 'em yesterday; without thinking of what I was doing, y' know. Consequence was I had to come straight in and change my bags. So I went off and bought this, at the Stores.

Sir Thomas. I see. (*Watching him trying to make it move.*) Won't it open?

Sir Arthur (*irritably*). Of course it opens! Don't I keep on telling you? You simply press a spring. There's the spring. Can't you see?

Sir Thomas (*mildly*). Oh, I see! Capital.

Sir Arthur (*aside*). Damn'd thing! I'll take it back to-morrow. Worked all right in the shop. (*Replaces it in the corner, in disgrace.*)

Sir Thomas (*aside*). Stoopid sort of thing, to go and buy! Just like him. (*Takes out large handkerchief and blows his nose noisily, as Sir Arthur brings him large library book off table.*)

Sir Arthur. By the way, Tom—have you read that? Duke o' Devonshire's life? Hartington?

Sir Thomas (peers at it in firelight). No. Is it amusing?

Sir Arthur (grimly). It isn't exactly amusing. But, begad, it's rather an eye-opener. (*As he resumes seat:*) There was *one* thing in it did rather amuse me, though. Now, where is it? I marked it. (*Finds place.*) Oh, here you are. Now listen to this, my boy; just you listen to this. (*As Sir Thomas leans forward with hand to ear:*) Do you know the chief reason those wiseacres in the Government gave, in '84, for not trying to rescue poor Gordon sooner? At Khartoum?

Sir Thomas. No. Can't say I do.

Sir Arthur (with immense scorn). They thought it would be too hot!

Sir Thomas (puzzled). Too hot? Up the Nile?

Sir Arthur. No, not up the Nile. But if they took the short cut; went across from Suakim. Took the Berber route. They thought the men couldn't stand it!

Sir Thomas (mechanically). Good Gad!

Sir Arthur. Too hot, eh? Fancy, if we'd said that, old friend, in the Mutiny? Too hot to relieve Lucknow, eh? Too hot to take Delhi? Too hot to go and smash that devil Nana Sahib at Cawnpore! Did you ever hear such wicked nonsense? Those political fellows ought to be shot, Tom; that's my opinion. What do you think?—Eh?—Makes my blood boil!

Sir Thomas (scratching his head; vaguely). It was something to do with the Mutiny I wanted to see you about.

Sir Arthur. Should like to have heard the women on that subject; if we'd told *them* it was too hot! Eh? Wonder what they'd have said in England, in '57, if we'd asked them to be kind enough to wait a bit—till the cold weather!—because it was too hot for the poor dear British soldier to fight. (*Horried:*) Why, they'd all have been dead before we could have got at 'em! Like poor Gordon was! (*Growling to himself:*) Infernal, pettifogging rascals!—Wasting time!—Dragging boats!—Yah!—Now, where's my pipe gone? (*Twists round, searching irritably for pipe.*)

Sir Thomas (puzzled; leans forward). Arthur—who was it you told me was so ill just now?

Sir Arthur (stops looking for pipe). Ill?—Dying, you mean, Tom.—Lady Macallan?

Sir Thomas. Ah! Lady Macallan. Disagreeable, backbiting

old woman she is, too! Tell me—what was her name again?—before?—

Sir Arthur. Maiden name?

Sir Thomas. Ah!

Sir Arthur. Flora Saltire.

Sir Thomas (half aside). That's the name; that's the name; Flora Saltire. Of course! (*Takes letter out of breast pocket.*)

Sir Arthur. What of it?

Sir Thomas. Arthur, old boy—tell me—you mustn't mind me asking you;—but weren't you at one time rather sweet on her? Years ago, in India. As a young chap?

Sir Arthur (mildly). You ought to know that, Tom.

Sir Thomas. Ought I? How?

Sir Arthur. Considering I gave you a letter for her, asking her to marry me. I told you all about it.

Sir Thomas (vacantly). Dooce you did! When?

Sir Arthur. When we were before Delhi, in August '57. Don't you remember? (*As Sir Thomas shakes his head:*) Why, God bless my soul, Tom, you haven't forgotten your famous ride, have you, into Alighur? (*Sees letter.*) What have you got there? Let's have a look.

Sir Thomas. Wait a moment, Arthur. Tell me something about it, first. I'm ninety-one, you know; my memory's pretty well done for. Tell me about it. Slowly.

Sir Arthur (explains). You volunteered to ride into Alighur, to bring up the Fusiliers.

Sir Thomas (vaguely). Rather a dangerous business, wasn't it?

Sir Arthur. Rather! We all thought you ought to have had the Victoria Cross, old boy.

Sir Thomas (annoyed). So I ought.—Well?

Sir Arthur. Flora Saltire was there, in Alighur, at the time. So I asked you to take the letter for me.

Sir Thomas (stupidly). What about?

Sir Arthur (hurt). What about? 'Pon my soul, Tom!—

Sir Thomas. Yes, I know. But if you don't mind telling me, exactly. What did you want to write to her about? Besides love-making. Anything important?

Sir Arthur. What d'you want to know that for? Ain't it enough?—Surely!—

Sir Thomas. I'll tell you, in one moment. Go on; don't be shy.

Sir Arthur (puts up hand, to keep firelight off his face). Well, if you must know—I told her that at any moment I might get knocked on the head, and in that case I wanted her to know how fond I was of her. Always had been, from the very first.

Sir Thomas. Ah?

Sir Arthur. If I got through all right—and she cared—I hoped she'd marry me. I asked her to.

Sir Thomas (nods). I see!

Sir Arthur. If I didn't—if I got killed—I wanted her to know—I hoped she'd never forget—(pauses; then breaks off with gesture). Ah—well!—

Sir Thomas (unfeelingly). Whole bag o' tricks, eh?—Well? That all? Anything else?

Sir Arthur. Only that if she didn't care for me, didn't think she ever could, I told her not to answer, and I should understand. She never did answer. So, you see, here I am. All by myself. An old bachelor. (Rouses himself.) Now then; what is it you've got there?

Sir Thomas (takes out glasses to look at envelope). Why, that's just the odd part of it.

Sir Arthur (agitated). Good God, Tom! That isn't her answer, is it? After all these years? You didn't forget to give it me?

Sir Thomas (cheerfully). Half a minute, old boy; half a minute! Fact is, I only found this just now, this afternoon. I was pottering about after lunch, tearing up old letters; one thing and another; and I found this, stuck fast at the bottom of an old riding-bag. Thing I hadn't looked at for years; didn't even know I possessed. 'Miss Flora Saltire?' I said. 'Now who the dickens is Miss Flora Saltire?' Fairfax was with me at the time; or, rather, came in to tea; my boy Fairfax, the General. You know him, don't you? The one that got the V.C. in Zululand. 'Fairfax,' I said, 'who the dooce is Miss Flora Saltire? Whose writing is it? What's it all mean?'

Sir Arthur (aside, bitterly). Mean?

Sir Thomas. Fairfax said it looked like your fist. So I thought I'd better come round with it. If you wrote it. (Holds out letter.) So there you are. (After a pause, Sir Arthur rises, takes letter, and going slowly to the table turns up the electric lamp and looks

at the envelope.) It is your fist, isn't it? That's the one, I suppose? The letter you gave me?—Eh?—Arthur?

Sir Arthur (after a pause). But you don't mean to tell me you simply forgot all about it?

Sir Thomas. Looks like it, don't it? (*Rising.*) Good job, too, my boy—for you! Considering the vile temper she's developed. Just think what I've saved you from. Damn it all, Arthur; you ought to double my pension!

Sir Arthur (fiercely). I say, Tom, you didn't do this on purpose, did you? It wasn't for any scheme of your own?—

Sir Thomas (cheerfully). Not a bit of it, old boy; good Gad, no! Not for one single moment. Fact is, I must have clean bang forgot it. I'd a good many other things to think of, you know. Important things, of my own.

Sir Arthur. But don't you remember that when we met again, after your illness—

Sir Thomas (uneasily). When was that? What illness?

Sir Arthur. After the Mutiny. When we all met again, at Folkestone.

Sir Thomas. What of it?

Sir Arthur. Why, you told me you'd given her the letter, and that so far as you knew there was no answer. Nor any ever intended.

Sir Thomas. Don't see how I could have done that. Never could have said that, Arthur.

Sir Arthur. But you *did* say it!

Sir Thomas (fretfully). No, no, I couldn't. It wouldn't have been true. Anyway, whether I said it or not, you've had a lucky escape, my boy, from *that* old woman. Bitter old termagant. Why, they tell me the life she led poor old Jack Macallan was a hell upon earth, sir; a hell upon earth! That's what it was.

Sir Arthur (turns on him, fiercely). Was it? And d'you know why? Because her own life was spoilt; because she was disappointed, and unhappy; because she wasn't with me; because we loved each other!

Sir Thomas (startled). Arthur?

Sir Arthur. That's what you've done, Tom Arkle; you've parted us; parted us, with your infernal, callous, selfish carelessness; you, who forgot my letter, because you'd other things, more important, of your own, to think of!—My God! It's too cruel!—to think that but for you—all these lonely years!—

Sir Thomas (recovering his assurance). I say!—Hold hard, my good fellow, hold hard; you're going a bit fast, ain't you? After all, even if she'd had your letter, you don't know that Miss Whatsername would ever have married you. She might have said 'No, thank 'ee. Rather not.'

Sir Arthur. Never have married me? When I've so often seen the look in her eyes that always puzzled me; the reproachful question—'Why did you never speak? Why did you never come back, and tell me that you loved me?' (*Bitterly.*) Never have married me? Now that I know all; that I understand, at last? And it's all been your doing! (*Advances on him, savagely.*) By heaven, Tom! old as I am, I've half the mind to drag you there, to ask her pardon!

Sir Thomas. Arthur!

Sir Arthur (gradually losing self-control). All your life it's always been the same. I'll tell you now; you've never thought, all your life, of anyone but yourself. That's what you owe your success to; we know that, your old friends! That's what's earned you your rank, your honours, your nickname. Selfish Tom Arkle! Selfish Tom Arkle! (*With face close to his and hands on his collar, he shakes him.*) Why, even your children, the sons you're so proud of—Selfish Tom Arkle!—d'you know what they say?—

Sir Thomas (feebly, through Sir Arthur's outbreak, defends himself). No, no, Arthur!—old boy!—for God's sake—don't!—(*Stumbles back fainting and falls into armchair.*)

Sir Arthur (after a pause, frightened). Tom? (*Bends over him.*) Tom! Why, he's fainted! If I haven't killed him! (*Seizes bell-pull, rings and calls:*) Cokayne! Cokayne! (*Returns to him.*) Tom, old boy; Tom; what is it? What's the matter with you? Tom! (*As Cokayne enters quickly:*)

Cokayne. Sir Arthur?

Sir Arthur. Something's wrong with Sir Thomas, Cokayne. Get me the brandy. He's fainted. (*As Cokayne goes quickly to table and pours out brandy:*) Sit up, old boy; sit up. Here, let me undo your collar for you. Be quick, Cokayne; the brandy. (*Takes glass from him.*) Here—now then—drink this. Drink this, old boy. Down with it. Never mind your tie. (*Makes him drink.*)

Cokayne. What sent him off, Sir Arthur?

Sir Arthur (querulously). I don't know. My talking to him, I suppose. My stupid nonsense. (*Watching him anxiously.*) That better? Old boy? Tom?

Cokayne. He's coming round, Sir Arthur.

Sir Arthur (aside, kneeling by the armchair, drops head, much affected). Thank God! Thank God! I thought I'd killed him! *(Pause.)*

Sir Thomas (feebly). Hullo! What is it? What's up? What's gone wrong? *(Looking about him vaguely, sees Sir Arthur as he rises.)* Arthur? Why—why—this is your place, isn't it? What am I doing here?

Sir Arthur (cheerfully). Just what I was going to ask you. Ain't you ashamed of yourself?

Sir Thomas. What for?

Sir Arthur. What for? Why, for fainting.

Sir Thomas (puzzled). Fainting? Fainting? What did I want to faint for?

Sir Arthur. Cussedness, old friend; pure cussedness. Because you will come out at night, wandering about the streets. *(Checks him as he tries to rise.)* No, you don't. You sit quiet a bit; rest yourself. Finish your brandy.

Sir Thomas (childishly, looks up at him). Shall I?

Sir Arthur. Shall you! Don't you like it?

Sir Thomas (simply). Yes. Very much.

Sir Arthur. Go on, then. Finish it. *(Sir Thomas, with a sigh of content, sips brandy noisily.)* Cokayne *(aside to him),* why wouldn't the General come up just now?

Cokayne. Said he'd a call to make, Sir Arthur.

Sir Arthur. Don't let him know anything about this; it'd only frighten him. Was he going far?

Cokayne. No, Sir Arthur; only just to Lady Macallan's to inquire.

Sir Arthur. I see. *(Turns to look at Sir Thomas, who is wiping off spilt brandy.)* He's all right now, I think. Just you keep handy, though; in case. And let me know when the General comes.

Cokayne. Very good, Sir Arthur. *(Exit.)*

Sir Arthur. Now, old gentleman; I await your apology; frightening me to death like this. *(Takes glass Sir Thomas holds out.)* No, no more brandy.

Sir Thomas (placidly). I don't want any more brandy.

Sir Arthur. That's all right; 'cos you won't get it, if you do. You're a nice chap; you come here, to pay a quiet afternoon call on an old pal, and if you don't go tumbling about, as if you were

tight. Ain't you ashamed of yourself, at your age, fainting like an anæmic schoolgirl? Eh?

Sir Thomas (placidly, with hands folded in lap). Ah! Don't know that I ever fainted in my life before.

Sir Arthur. Yes, you did; you fainted when you got into Alighur, after your famous ride; fell flat off your horse, and cut your head open. Why, you've got the scar still. Don't tell me; you're always at it.

Sir Thomas (vacantly). Alighur? Wasn't it something about Alighur we were just talking?

Sir Arthur. I daresay. But we don't want any more.

Sir Thomas (puzzled). Weren't we quarrelling? Something about a letter?

Sir Arthur. Quarrelling? You and I? When did you and I ever quarrel, old friend?

Sir Thomas. Why, just now; about a letter. (*Sees letter on floor, dropped there by Sir Arthur.*) Look! there it is! (*half rising*).

Sir Arthur (sharply). Now then; now then! What did I tell you? (*Makes him sit, and picks up letter.*) You sit quiet, or I'll call Cokayne. I'll send for him to undress you, and put you straight into bed—there. (*Tearing up letter.*) My bed, and an uncommon hard one! (*Puts pieces of letter in fire.*) That's what I'll do with you, my boy, and serve you jolly well right. If you don't sit quiet. (*Pause, while he watches the letter burn.*)

Sir Thomas (piteously). Arthur!

Sir Arthur (tetchily). Well, what is it now?

Sir Thomas (half crying). I know what I've done—I remember!—You told me just now. I've spoilt your life for you.

Sir Arthur (stoutly). Spoilt my grandmother! Why, what are you talking about?

Sir Thomas. Yes, I have—I've spoilt your life for you. I forgot your letter. (*Piteously, holding out his arms shakily towards Sir Arthur.*) Not my fault, old boy; not my fault! I fell off my horse, cut my forehead open, and it went clean out of my head. It must ha' done; it must ha' done; or I'd never have forgotten. Not a thing like that. (*Crying.*) Arthur—can you ever forgive me?

Sir Arthur. Now ain't you ridiculous? Look at me! Do I look like a chap whose life's been spoilt? Why, I'm eighty-six. Do fellows live to eighty-six, without an ache or a pain, whose life's been spoilt for 'em? (*Chuckles.*) No, sir. They fade like

flowers, and pass away with the springtime. (*Gravely:*) Fact is, old boy, it's the brandy. You've been dreaming.

Sir Thomas. Dreaming? (*Looks up at him, anxiously.*) Then we weren't quarrelling, after all?

Sir Arthur. Quarrelling? You and I?

Sir Thomas. Are you sure?

Sir Arthur. D'you want me to take my solemn oath of it?

Sir Thomas (*gets on to his feet*). I'm not a religious man, Arthur, but I thank God for that. If you and I had ever quarrelled, I think I'd have gone straight back home, and never got up again.

Sir Arthur (*puts his arm round him, affectionately*). And now you'll go straight back home, and eat a pretty good dinner, eh?—instead. And don't you ever come out again, in the evening, after dark.

Sir Thomas. No. It's too much for me.

Sir Arthur. Confine yourself to the gardens, old friend, in the morning, when it's fine. By the way, I showed you my new seat, didn't I? First-rate, isn't it?

Sir Thomas. First-rate.

Sir Arthur. Would you like one like it?

Sir Thomas. Yes, I should. If you can get it to open.

Sir Arthur (*offended*). Open? Of course it opens. It's perfectly simple. Here, I'll show you. (*As Cokayne enters:*) You merely press a— What is it, Cokayne?

Cokayne. The General has called back for Sir Thomas, Sir Arthur.

Sir Arthur. Well? Won't he come up?

Cokayne (*gravely*). Says he'd rather not come up, Sir Arthur. (*Fetches Sir Thomas's coat.*)

Sir Arthur (*huffily*). Oh, well; please himself. We don't care. (*Takes coat from Cokayne.*) Now then, Tom; you're called for. Put on your coat, like a good boy. (*Holds out coat for him.*) The party's over.

Sir Thomas (*comes to him and gets into coat*). Thank'ee.

Sir Arthur. Gently! Gently! That's the lining. You've got into the lining. I say, Master Thomas, you want a new coat.

Sir Thomas. Not with half my investments in brewery shares, I don't. New coats ain't for me. (*Buttons himself up and arranges muffler.*)

Sir Arthur. Well, suppose I give you one at Christmas; for a Christmas present? Eh? Would you be offended?

Sir Thomas (*chuckles*). Offended? With a new coat? You

try me. Give me a new hat, too, if you like. (*Gives him two fingers.*) Well, good-bye, Arthur. God bless yer!

Sir Arthur. Good-bye. Take care of yourself. You'll excuse me not coming down with you, won't you?

Sir Thomas. Of course, Good-bye.

Sir Arthur. Look after him down the stairs, Cokayne. Give him your arm.

Sir Thomas (takes Cokayne's arm). Oh, thank'ee.

Sir Arthur. You know who he is, don't you? One of the most gallant fellows in England! Rode bang into Alighur, in the Mutiny; through a horde of Pandies! yelling, bloodthirsty Sepoys!—

Sir Thomas (waves hand, as they exeunt arm-in-arm). Oh, just so! just so! Good-bye!

Sir Arthur (opens door and calls after them down the stairs). Ought to have had the Victoria Cross for it! That's all! Mind the turn, there. Go slow. . . . Good-bye. (*Closes door, and goes to table, by which he supports himself. Grimly.*) Good many years now, since I've told so many lies. Well, he's ninety-one, and I'm eighty-six. You can't quarrel with your oldest friend, on the brink of the grave. Two graves, begad! No; it isn't seemly! (*Resumes seat by fire.*) But he might have done better for me than that, I think; he might have remembered my letter. Meant a good deal to me. And to her! (*As Cokayne re-enters.*) Well, seen 'em off the premises, Cokayne? All right?

Cokayne. Yes, Sir Arthur.

Sir Arthur. But what's the matter with the General? Why wouldn't he come up?

Cokayne (gravely). The General asked me to tell you, Sir Arthur; he didn't like to come up and tell you himself. He had just been to Lady Macallan's, to inquire.

Sir Arthur. Ah!—Well?

Cokayne. Her ladyship passed away, Sir Arthur, quite quietly, about half an hour ago. (*Silence.*)

Sir Arthur (tremulously, staring into the fire). Yes. Yes. Well, it's not unexpected, Cokayne; it's not unexpected. It's what we may call a happy release.

Cokayne. Yes, Sir Arthur.

Sir Arthur (rouses himself, mildly). Paper not come yet?

Cokayne. I think not, Sir Arthur. I'll see. (*Exit.*)

Sir Arthur (after making sure he is alone, takes a small box off table beside him, finds key on watch-chain, and unlocks box. As

he takes each out, with box on his knees :) A withered flower—an old ball programme—a little glove. Not a great deal to have to live on, for more than fifty years ; when all the time I might have been with her ! (*Opens programme and reads :*) 'February 15, 1857. 32nd Native Infantry Regiment. Ball.—F.S.—F.S.—F.S.' (*Breaking down.*) Ah ! If I'd only spoken to her then, that night ! My fault, my fault ; not poor old Tom's ! (*As Cokayne re-enters with paper, Sir Arthur closes box, leaving it on his knees. Cheerfully, blowing his nose :*) Evening paper, at last ?

Cokayne. Yes, Sir Arthur.

Sir Arthur (takes it). Thank'ee, Cokayne ; thank'ee. (*Finds spectacles, puts them on and opens paper, while Cokayne draws curtains over windows.*) Now, then ; let's see what our dear friend the Chancellor's been doing. Any new little games, I wonder ? Any more super-taxes, on the idle rich ? Like me and poor old Tom Arkle. Begad ! We're the lucky ones ; we old boys ; can't tax us much longer ; that's one comfort. (*The Waits, at the far end of Collingham Gardens, begin to play 'The Mistletoe Bough' very softly.*) It's the young fellows I pity ! Young fellows like you, Cokayne ; you're the ones are going to catch it. (*Listens.*) Hullo ! That the Waits ? They're early this year, ain't they ? Three weeks before Christmas ?

Cokayne. No, Sir Arthur, I think not. They generally begin making night 'ideous about this time.

Sir Arthur. 'The Mistletoe Bough.' I used to sing it, when I was a boy. My battle-horse ! (*Sings quaveringly :*)

'The mistletoe hung in the castle hall,

The Baron's retainers were blithe and gay'——

Cokayne. Anything more I can get you, Sir Arthur ? Fire's very low.

Sir Arthur (mildly). Don't touch it, don't touch it. It'll last all right till dinner-time. (*Takes up paper again and reads.*)

Cokayne. Very good, Sir Arthur. (*Exit.*)

Sir Arthur (gradually lets paper fall, staring into the fire). Well, I shan't be long now, Flora ; I shan't be long. We shall soon be together now ; at last ! Only a little time——

'And, with the morn, those angel faces smile

Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile !'

(*His head falls on his breast and the fire sinks lower in the grate, while 'The Mistletoe Bough' continues softly in the distance.*)

WALTER FRITH.

NEW BRUNSWICK—A NEGLECTED OPPORTUNITY.

THE Neglected Opportunity is all around me as I write these lines. I am sitting in the midst of a deserted settlement in the backwoods of New Brunswick. My table is an empty apple-barrel and my seat is a log.

Immediately before me stands the house, now repaired after long ruin, in which a family of immigrants settled in 1846. Seven children were born and reared in that house. One of them, now an elderly man and himself the father of a grown-up family, is boiling a kettle on the camp-fire. He was born in that little room of which the window is towards me, and he is with me here to-day, partly because he wished to revisit his old home and partly because I wanted him as a guide.

This deserted settlement covers scores of square miles, forest-clad, with clearings interspersed, and were it not for my friend at the camp-fire I could make no advance in any direction and should be wholly unable to find the limits of this holding. The section has a length of a mile and a-half and a depth of half a mile. The owner has repaired the ruined house and is now waiting till he can find two or three hardy fellows, who can bear the solitude of the place, to break this rich land with the plough and to lay their axes to the trees of the forest.

Round the house lie seventy acres of cleared land. An orchard of once excellent apple-trees, now running half wild, but still bearing, stands on the south side; and my guide informs me that the large tree in the centre was 'his' when he was a boy, and the one next to it was his sister Martha's, and there were no apples in all New Brunswick so sweet as the apples on 'them two trees.' The cleared land was under continuous cultivation for half a century, and even the amateur in soils can see at a glance how strong and rich it is. A brook of purest water (I caught a small trout in it last night) cuts the clearing into almost equal halves. On that side the old settler grew potatoes—there are no potatoes in Canada equal to those of New Brunswick—and on this side were his buckwheat, his turnips, and his oats. The guide tells me of the fine crops his father used to raise. He says that in the old days people would drive over on Sunday to see them, and a young expert from the agricultural college, also of our party, who has been fingering the soil, confirms

the story by *a priori* reasoning. The clearing is ringed round by the forest—spruce, birch, and maple. (In March, says the guide, you have only to make a little hole in that big rock maple over yonder and you will get a bucketful of 'honey.') You cannot see over the tops of the trees—the forest is the boundary of your view. But if you follow the lumber track a few hundred yards you come to a rising ground, and thence you get one of those 'limitless' landscapes characteristic of New Brunswick, in which the eye sweeps, without resting, round a vast expanse of woods and waters and undiminished horizons, and you become convinced in a flash of the reality of space. Here, however, you are relatively shut in; the vastness of the solitude around you is not apparent; and it requires some effort of imagination to realise that there is not a human being within a radius of seven miles in any direction. But sprain your ankle over a rotting log as you try to make your way through the forest, or wake up one morning with a threatening of appendicitis, and you will soon learn the kind of place you are in. The 'road' which leads to the nearest village can only be described by the inverted commas in which I have placed it. It was once a good road, and with very little labour could be made so again. But the moose and the deer now control the traffic and the going is not luxurious. The horses and buggies of this country, which 'go over everything,' would not go over some places in that 'road' until we had brought logs from the forest and filled up the gaps.

The house is spacious and well built: the family which lived there so long, large as it was, cannot have suffered from overcrowding. There is a kitchen and living-room twenty feet by sixteen. Opening out of this are two sitting-rooms, commanding views of the farm, and out of them again two bedrooms and a pantry—all these on the ground floor. Above are four bedrooms. Underneath the whole area of the house is a big stone-built and frost-proof cellar. All the rest, of course, is of wood. Though not built with an eye to beauty, the house has a certain picturesqueness, due to 'fitness' in its arrangement and to its harmony with the surroundings. At the side there is a well of clear good water.

The old plaster still remains on the interior walls. It is covered with names, some of them written with the end of a burnt stick. These are the names of lumbermen, and of moose-hunters who camped in the house at various times when it was a ruin. I express a fear to the guide that during the coming winter these men will force an entry into the renovated house and do damage.

He assures me that, though they will probably enter, when the hunting or lumber season comes round, they will certainly do no harm, for they are all 'decent people.' I examine the names on the walls and find that many of them belong to men whom I have met on the settlements of the St. John River. Some of them are men who have done me many a service; to call them 'decent people' hardly does them justice; without a qualm I leave the house to their mercy. After all, their 'decency' is a better protection than the arm of the police.

In the surrounding forest, moose and deer are plentiful. Their tracks are all round the house and at every watering-pool; and you can hardly walk twenty yards in the forest without crossing their 'spoor.' Bears also are by no means rare. The guide has many stories of attacks made by these animals on his father's sheep and calves, and often he has stopped in the forest and pointed out some tree or other object as marking the spot where he or his brothers encountered 'a b'ar'; sometimes they chased the 'b'ar' and sometimes the 'b'ar,' if he happened to be in a bad humour, chased them.

I saw none of these creatures, for at the season when I write they are deep hidden in the woods and come out into the clearings only at the peep of dawn—an hour when I am usually occupied otherwise. But there is one inhabitant of these woods which I have both seen and heard, and the hearing him was more pleasant to me than the sight of many moose. It was worth a journey into the wilderness to hear the 'whip-poor-will,' and I do not regret that he kept me awake half the night. His cry is the exact reproduction of his name—vowels, consonants, and all. The first note—there are only three—certainly reminds you of the swish of a circling whip, but the sound is somehow transformed into a liquid flash of the most exquisite music. I know not how to describe it without hopelessly mixing my metaphors. It is in sound what a meteor is in light, what a pearl is among precious stones. Not soft and low like the nightingale's, but outspoken and imperative like the summons of a herald, or the challenge of genius, or the coming of the Son of Man. It rings out, and you are startled as you would be by a sudden message from a hidden world, piercing the night and penetrating to the heart of silence. Then the second note catches it up, and you hear for a moment the moving power of all that is divine in the contralto voice. And tell me if you can, O ye who teach the art of difficult transitions, by what strange alchemy

the second note passes into the third, which, though it be separated from its fellow by all the breadth of conceivable difference, proclaims itself the only note into which the sequence could pass, inevitably ordained from the foundation of the world. 'Whip-poor-will.' Nature has no purer voice, and none, who has heard, can doubt that there is at least one absolutely perfect thing under heaven. I cannot say of what remoter things it may remind you. Perhaps you will think of tender words spoken by enamoured women; or you may hear an echo of some 'magic tale'; or may surmise that when the end of the world's sorrow comes it will be announced in tones like these. As I listened I longed for an interpreter, and thought of Keats.

The place I have been describing is one of a large group of derelict farms. Most of them have recently been bought up by a syndicate, perhaps for the sake of the timber, perhaps for some remoter purpose. In each clearing there is a farmhouse and barns, all of them ruinous more or less. In the midst of the settlement stands the old school-house, doorless, windowless, and forlorn, the walls and benches scrawled over with the names of the children who have since scattered all over the American continent. My guide was one of them. He has been in the West as trader, lumberman, hunter, and I know not what else beside; he has not the look of a sentimental person, but there was a shake in his voice as he pointed to an old bench and said, 'It was on that bench that I learned to read—by God!'

My relations with this man have undergone a change during the twenty-four hours we have been together in this place. At first he towered above me in unapproachable superiority. I was an Englishman and a babe; he was a Canadian, a feller of forest, a hunter of moose, a pioneer—clear as light in his thought, hard as steel in his body. In his presence I felt myself a soft, slow, feeble, confused thing; and in spite of his constant courtesy, I could not help suspecting that he regarded me, rightly, as an inferior being. I sank to my lowest when we started to go fishing in a virgin trout-stream, within twenty minutes' walk of the house. He laughed at my elaborate outfit for catching the fish. 'There isn't any macadam walk by the side of that brook,' he said: 'when you are not wading you'll have to break your way through the forest, and with that basket and rod you'll be hung up on the first bunch of logs.' With much gentleness, and as though he were dealing with a foolish child, he removed the rod and the basket,

and cutting a stick from the forest made me in five minutes a fishing outfit which my honour as a fisherman forbids me to describe. I have seen little boys by the canal-side furnished with the like. Nevertheless it worked well. At every throw I had a fighting trout to deal with. Sometimes he got off, but oftener his shrift was exceedingly short. 'That's how to catch fish,' the guide said approvingly as I emptied them out of my crammed and throbbing pockets, prior to plunging back into the stream. I confess that it was unsportsmanlike, but I was never more excited in my life. 'Didn't the flies bother you some?' he said, in paternal tones, as we were returning. Well, they had 'bothered me some.' I didn't notice it at the time, but to-day my left eye is temporarily out of commission and several other features have, as it were, hidden themselves.

Such was the posture of affairs until the time came for lighting the camp-fire. With a touch of slyness in his voice, which I was quick to detect, he asked me to light the fire, expecting no doubt that I should make a mess of it. This was my opportunity. I happen to know how a camp-fire should be built. I had heard of the saying of an Indian, 'White man no understand how to make fire. He make the fire so hot he can't warm himself'—and I had often thought the remark might stand as a comment on the white man's civilisation in general. Well, the saying is true. Most men building a camp-fire think that the one object is to produce a big blaze, and throw the fuel on pell-mell. The result is a huge conflagration which you cannot approach, either to warm yourself or to put a kettle on, without getting burnt or half suffocated, or both. And if the kettle does at last reach the fire, it turns topsyturvy with the sudden sinking of the fuel—and there you are! Not thus does the wise man go to work. First he makes a small fire of dry sticks, and this being started he brings three or four well chosen logs, long ones, and draws their ends together at the edge of the fire, the logs projecting outwards like the radii of a wheel. Nothing more is needed save to push the logs forward as their ends are consumed. There is no big blaze, but a bright steady heat with tongues of flame here and there. The kettle stands firmly in the centre and the logs provide the party with seats and comfortable corners, with stands to dry their clothes on and with conveniences for frying bacon and broiling trout that could hardly be found in the most approved kitchen-range. Now all this, as I have said, I happened to know, and when the guide saw me putting it into

practice, he realised at once that I was a man and a brother, and from that time forward he and I have stood on a footing of almost perfect equality. Canada, as somebody has said, is not the land of 'Who's who' but the land of 'What's what.'

I heard much from him of the families that once inhabited the settlement. He told me the history of the abandonment, and knew with surprising detail the subsequent fortunes of those who had left the place. He assured me that at no time in the history of the settlement had there been any pressure of want or hard times, such as drives so many of the Irish peasantry from their homes. On the contrary, the farms were good, the crops various and plentiful. The houses were well furnished, the land well stocked with cattle: there was food and work, sport and play for everybody. It was of course an almost self-contained and self-sustaining community, for the next settlement was far away, and communications were not easy. He told me of one little incident which may serve to illustrate this side of the matter. 'See that old stump?' he said, pointing to the remnant of an immense cedar-tree which stood by the side of a forest trail. 'Well, it was on that stump that my uncle Easy (the full name, no doubt, was Ezekiel) was found froze one Sunday morning in 1880. Uncle Easy lived on the River, and whenever he could get candy from St. John he'd load up his pockets for us kids, and walk out all alone, eight or nine miles it may be, to the farm. One day in midwinter he struck a dandy box of candy, and though the temperature was twenty below, naught could prevent him starting out. When the old man was half-way he must ha' got kind o' tired and sat down. Next day father was passing along the trail on his way to Meeting, and there, on that very stump, he finds Uncle Easy sitting down, froze as hard as a statue, with the candy-box in his hand.'

There are many of these derelict farms in New Brunswick. There are many more in a semi-derelict condition. That is to say, their owners are now old men, working alone or with wholly insufficient capital and labour, and raising crops which, while good enough when one considers the conditions under which the land is cultivated, might be doubled, trebled, quadrupled by efficient farming. The farms may be anything from one hundred to four hundred acres. Generally not more than half the land is cleared; of what is cleared half is seldom cultivated; the cultivation, such as it is, has little system and is often a mere haphazard, hand-to-mouth affair, which gradually exhausts the land. A good

British farmer would look on the whole proceeding with utter contempt. I do not mean of course that all New Brunswick farms are like this. Here and there, indeed pretty frequently in some parts of the country, cultivation and stock-raising have reached the highest standard of excellence, and one sees farms which would be models, anywhere, of the way the land should be handled. But these only serve by contrast to impress one with a sense of possibilities which are not realised, but might easily be realised, in the country as a whole.

Again and again I have been told, when talking the matter over with intelligent farmers, 'there is nothing the matter with the land,' and I have satisfied myself by varied personal observation, and by inquiry of those who have been studying the problem for years, that, so far from 'anything being the matter with the land,' the natural conditions in New Brunswick are highly favourable to the farmer. It is, of course, unwise for an observer such as myself to hazard comparative judgments. But I have been all through Canada from coast to coast, and have studied the conditions of East and West to the best of my ability, and I cannot refrain from saying that in my judgment New Brunswick offers at least as good chances for British farmers as are offered by any part of the Dominion. It may not be a country where a man can get rich with the dangerous facility of the West, and that, I imagine, is the reason why it has been so much neglected by emigrants and capitalists. But it is a country where a man can live well on the fruits of his labour. Perhaps I should hit the point more exactly if I were to say simply, 'it is a country where a man can live.' For if he is in the neighbourhood of the older settlements—those, for example, in the lovely and fertile valley of the St. John—he will be in contact with an established civilisation, where modest prosperity is almost universal, want unknown, and refinement by no means uncommon. He will live among neighbours who are not here to-day and gone to-morrow; he will have a social atmosphere; and will be in no hurry to sell out and seek his fortunes elsewhere. He will come to stay. I instance the St. John valley not because it stands alone in this respect, but because it happens to be better known to me than other regions of the Province; and also because many of the semi-derelict farms of which I speak are to be found there. They constitute together a great neglected opportunity for men who are not victims of the 'get-rich-quick' delusion, but are willing to build up their fortunes gradually by

intelligent labour, on a soil which may be ill-fitted for the manufacture of fables, but is certain to respond to industry and method. New Brunswick has never had a great advertising power behind it. But it deserves the attention of capitalists fully as much as many other regions which have been more favoured in this respect.

What is the cause of these conditions? When one sees so many deserted farms, and so many others deprived of all labour save that of a few men too old, or too lethargic, to go elsewhere, it is natural to draw unfavourable conclusions. We know that in some parts of Eastern America, not to speak of older countries, the people have left simply because the land was too hunger-bitten to feed them, and because better prospects elsewhere lured them away. And no one can deny that the latter cause at all events has been at work in New Brunswick. The 'better prospect elsewhere' has done its work. At the same time, I am told on the best authority that many who have yielded to its charm have found the 'better prospect' a delusion, and are now coming back to their old homes. The land is not, and never was, too hunger-bitten to feed them. And they know it. It may be, after all, they begin to think, that there is more promise, as well as more interest, in the varied life of the old farm, with its stock-raising, its roots, its vegetables, its orchards, its oats and barley and buck-wheat, with its pleasant neighbours and lovely scenery, than in a quarter section of wheat amid the desolation of the prairies. I believe, with all deference to the advertising powers that rule the world, that these persons are often doing a good thing for themselves when they turn their faces back to the East. But in spite of this tendency to return, the cry still goes round that the 'young people won't stay.' Once more, why?

To answer that, one has to look abroad on more general conditions. It is no question of the fertility of New Brunswick soil. What we have before us is simply one more instance of the restlessness of modern life; and I do not think I ever felt the power of that restlessness more vividly than I do to-day, seated on a log in a deserted settlement of the backwoods, with seven miles of forest between me and my nearest neighbour. It is the spirit of restlessness which has left me this solitude. Had the soil been twice as fertile the young men would have gone all the same. My guide was one of them, and has been telling me all about it. 'When we began to hear how the railways were carrying the people out West,' he said, 'we grew *restless*. We knew that all the others

were moving; and here were we stuck in a hole. Job was the first to go: he took his axe and went lumbering in Wisconsin. Then his letters began to come home—and that set us all skipping. Micah and Ephraim followed. I went last, and then the old folks were left alone. As soon as father was buried, mother locked the door, put the key in her pocket, and went down to aunt Jemima on the River. From that day to this not a soul has lived in the house.' All the farms in the settlement have practically the same story. The guide could not further analyse the situation. Nor was it necessary. I had read the same story written at large in books which tell of the great migrations of the human race. The nomad instincts of man are hard to kill.

I know of other parts of New Brunswick where similar conditions prevail. Indeed it would be no exaggeration to say they prevail in greater or lesser degree throughout the entire province. It is the land of neglected opportunity, and, in view of the developments which are taking place in the other provinces of the Dominion, it constitutes a puzzle to the student of history, to the economist, even to the casual tourist. A few days ago I was talking to an eminent Boston lawyer and man of affairs who knows the country through and through. 'I cannot understand New Brunswick,' he said; 'it is an exception to the laws of history. Here you have a fertile, well-watered, beautiful land, rich in natural resources of all kinds and capable of sustaining a large and prosperous community. And yet only last year a thousand young men left it and went West. There is a blight—not on the land—but on the energies of the people—and there is some astigmatism in the eyes of the big men who are developing Canada. Why, even if nothing but fruit-growing were possible, New Brunswick might become one of the great apple-orchards of the world;' and he proceeded to give me details of what had already been done with apples by a few enterprising men.

I suggested that the explanation lay partly in the history of the place—in the stock from which the main body of the settlers are sprung. 'Yes,' he answered—and I was interested to hear this from a citizen of the United States—'it is a curious instance of the persistence of old instincts and old habits. The original settlers, as you know, were the expatriated Loyalists of our revolution—the colonists who opposed separation from the Mother Country, and were often found actually fighting on the side of King George. These were mostly men of substance and standing—

bankers, lawyers, doctors, ministers—in short, the “best people” of the Colonies at that time. As a class these people were on the side of the King. They were Tories not only in name but in temperament; gentlemen and men of leisure, not empire-builders in any sense of the term. Their descendants are the farmers of New Brunswick to-day; and they have the same unprogressive temper, and not a little of the refinement and good traditions, of their great-grandfathers.’ I answered by telling him half a dozen stories which confirmed his theory. I recalled, for example, a little adventure which had occurred to me only a few days before. I had been ‘shipwrecked’ with a party of friends on the Grand Lake—a magnificent sheet of water, twenty-eight miles long, which opens out from the St. John River. The engine of our motor-boat broke down on the lake, and as there was no hope of any passing steamer to take us off—the Grand Lake is another ‘neglected opportunity’—we sought shelter in a farmhouse on the shores. The farm was one of the first that had been granted by the Crown in that region, and the house was the identical structure, somewhat enlarged, which had been built by the great-grandparent of the present occupant—an expatriated Loyalist of 1783. The hospitality and refinement of our hosts were worthy of aristocrats, and I was not surprised to learn that our hostess was, in fact, descended from the old titled nobility of Scotland.¹ We had to wait a long time before a ‘rescue’ could be effected, and having plenty of time on my hands I looked over the farm, and wandered about the neighbourhood. Not more than a small fraction of the land was under cultivation—though I must add that the crops on that fraction were astoundingly good, and a revelation of what might be produced. The next farm was owned by two brothers who lived alone—both over eighty and also great-grandsons of Loyalists. It was in a deplorable condition, of course. From all with whom I spoke I heard the same story: ‘the young people won’t stay. It’s so lonesome, especially in winter.’ But they would stay, and it would not be lonesome in winter, if communication were improved, as it easily might be, and a few thousand pounds of capital were devoted to developing the neighbourhood. As I stood on the rising ground above the lake and looked around me, I thought there was no fairer spot on earth—a land of fountains and rivers of water, of fine pastures and majestic woods.

¹ Perhaps one of them who, after the rebellion of 1715, sought the King’s mercy, and petitioned to be sent out to His Majesty’s American Colonies.

The word 'capital' reminds me of something I have learnt in New Brunswick. I have realised the uses of 'capital' with a clearness of vision which never came to me from reading books on Political Economy, or hearing the speeches of agitators. I shall go home with a new respect for 'capital.' This country is hungering for 'capital' as an animal hungers for its food. Its fair valleys are withering and its hill-sides are mourning for want of 'capital.' You might feed it fat with 'capital,' and restore it to sleekness and prosperity, just as you might feed a lean, but well-bred, horse into condition by giving it plenty of oats. Thousands and thousands of people, who are now living weary and hopeless lives at home, might here find health, prosperity, happiness, and hope if only 'capital' were forthcoming. It would be a Christian work. Many a man has been put into a stained-glass window, with a halo round his head, for doing works less worthy of reward in the Kingdom of Heaven.

As I sit in the midst of this deserted Paradise, I think of the 'land-hunger' of which the agitators are talking at home. Well, here is the 'land' for which the people are hungering. I often wonder if they are really hungry for the land: it is hard to believe when one looks round on this solitude. The people, everywhere, are hungry for something, no doubt, and judging by their looks and their doings I often think that the rich are hungrier than the poor. But hungry as they are, it is doubtful whether the people always know what they want. Many of them would never guess that they were hungry *for land* unless the agitators told them so; and sometimes they discover, later on, that their real hunger was not for the land, but for something else.

Those who are really hungry for the land must act with caution even in New Brunswick. They must put themselves in communication with accredited authorities. They must not proceed after the manner of a certain lady whose authentic history I had from the solicitor who rescued her from the consequence of her mistake. This lady had a small fortune; she was hungry for land; and she had heard that the kind of land for which she hungered was to be found in New Brunswick. Accordingly she sent an agent to the country to buy her a farm; which he did. From the description given me, I imagine that, in essential respects, it was not unlike this derelict. In due course she arrived, bringing her daughter, her maid, the family pony (eighteen years old), a governess-cart, a parrot, three canaries, three pet dogs, two cats, a lawn-mower,

a pair of gardening-gloves, and a book on Hardy Perennials. You see, she was a lover of country life, and I have no doubt that her first inquiries were as to the distance from the church, the nearest doctor, and the telegraph-station. On arriving she was amazed, appalled, undone. So too, I imagine, were the parrot, the pet dogs, the maid, and the rest of them. With some difficulty she despatched a messenger to a lawyer in the city—it was he who told me the facts. What was she to do? 'Clear out at once,' said the lawyer, 'and get into another Province before the owner discovers what you are doing and has time to claim fulfilment of the contract.' Two days afterwards she and her train were on the way to Halifax. The property is still for sale.

L. P. JACKS.

MISS MATTIE'S GARDEN.¹

THE flowers in Miss Mattie's garden were grouped together after a plan of Miss Mattie's own. They were not sown higgledy-piggledy to make a mosaic of colour as gardens usually are. They were harmonised, softly blending into each other; and this plan of Miss Mattie's had no doubt a very restful and quiet effect for tired eyes.

So thought the woman who leant over the gate of Vine Cottage on a hot, dusty July afternoon. At least it was hot and dusty out in the world. At Vine Cottage, down its green lane, the little house softly swathed up in the great vine that gave it its name, the day was hot indeed, but with a sense of refreshment everywhere, a promise of dews at night.

The woman who leant over the gate had led a child by the hand as she came down the woodland track. Now she let the child wander, while she feasted her eyes on the restfulness of the garden. The child was a boy of about five, a beautiful child, with the complexion of a peach, hair that lay in purplish-black rings on his little head: like a Christ Child of Murillo.

The child wandered after a darkly brown butterfly with splashes of scarlet on its wings. The mother let him go unheeding. It was safe enough here, where hardly any traffic came except now and again a visitor or a tradesman's cart to deliver goods to Miss Mattie.

The woman must have been very pretty at one time. She had a profusion of light hair, and her skin must once have been delicate. Her eyes were of a light china-blue, attractive by reason of their unusualness. But ill-health and deadly fatigue lay like a blight over what must once have been a charming face. As the woman leant upon the gate she coughed and put her handkerchief to her mouth quickly. When she took it away it was stained with blood. She put it in her pocket indifferently as though she were used to the occurrence.

You plunge into the woodland path to Miss Mattie's from a hot and glaring high road. The woman had trudged along the high road for some miles before the woodland road tempted her to turn aside. The glare of it was in her eyes and her brain still, the dust

¹ Copyright, 1914, by Katharine Tynan Hinkson, in the United States of America.

that seemed to scintillate with millions of particles of white fire, the steely haze, the sky like molten brass. Not a stream tinkled by the roadside. The hedges were thickly whitened by the dust.

Here it was late afternoon, and the thrush, singing his last songs before the silent summer, was shrilling it down the long arcades of shade mottled with light. The trees were heavily green : she felt she could gaze into them for ever. There was water under the hedge of the sweetbriar that bounded Miss Mattie's garden. The smell of its wetness was in the air. The woman thought it the most delicious smell she had ever known.

There were many pansies in Miss Mattie's garden, pansies in all shades of purple from lavender to something that was almost black ; pansies golden brown ; pansies of that dull greyish rose for which we have no name ; yellow pansies. All sorts of other flowers there were—July lilies standing like young angels—one imagined them carrying a sword in sheath, keeping Miss Mattie's garden. Pinks, stock-gillyflowers, forget-me-nots, sweet-williams. There was a bush of boys'-love close to the gate. The sharply aromatic smell of it reached the woman through the freshness of the stream and the smell of the water-mints and wild thyme.

Her head drooped forward. The sweet smells made her senses reel after the three miles in the dust and glare.

Some one came out from under the porch, over which the vine hung together with a rose-bush in full bearing and many trails of honeysuckle.

Miss Mattie herself. She was a little woman in a white dress. At a distance you thought she was quite young. Her figure was so slender, so alert, her movements so brisk. She had a small pale face with a peaked chin, and very bright dark eyes ; a profusion of hair, which was hairpinned up anyhow on top of her small head, was worn with something of a wild look.

As she came nearer you discovered with amazement that Miss Mattie was far from being young—would in all probability never see fifty again. You discovered that the face was ivory-coloured and covered with a network of fine wrinkles : that the over-bright eyes were a little mad : that part of the cloudy look of the hair at a distance was due to the powdering of grey.

You discovered these things at close quarters. But if you had spoken to Miss Mattie in her out-of-doors attire—she always wore white, winter or summer, the texture only varying, and enveloped her face and her big hat in a swathing of net and lace—

you would have divined a pretty woman through the swathing. Only very sharp eyes could have discovered behind the veil the old woman in Miss Mattie, wherefore she had various pleasant adventures when she took her walks abroad—courtesies, kindnesses on the part of the male sex, which kept up her romantic illusions.

Seeing her come down the garden path between the pansies with her youthful mincing gait, the tired woman drew herself up wearily and stepped back into the grassy track. It was as though she expected dismissal.

She looked about for the child. Ah, there he was. He had grown tired of chasing the butterfly, and he was lying on the grass, dabbling his fingers in the stream.

'Georgie,' she called in a faint voice, and stooped to pick up the bag she had been carrying.

Miss Mattie had by this time reached the gate.

'My good woman,' she said, 'how tired you look! Won't you come in and rest? A cup of tea and an hour in my garden will strenghten you for the road.'

The woman lifted her heavy eyes. She was enviously conscious of the difference between her dusty trailing blacks and Miss Mattie's embroidered muslin, to which the little black-silk apron, embroidered with a design of poppies and leaves in one corner, gave an old-maidish look. Miss Mattie had a heart-shaped locket about her neck suspended by a thin gold chain. She had blue earrings in her ears. The sun shone on her old-fashioned rings, on the silver buckles of her tiny shoes, as she stood facing the tired woman on the other side of the gate.

Miss Mattie lifted the latch and came out into the road.

'Come right in, you poor tired woman,' she said. 'I have always a rest and a simple meal for such as you. Don't thank me, please. I don't expect to be thanked. You know Who it was said: "A cup of cold water given in My Name."'

The tired woman looked as though she did not understand. She gazed vacantly at Miss Mattie's face. What she did understand was the offer of a cup of tea and a rest in Miss Mattie's garden before she need go on to the village to seek a lodging. The village was a mile away at least, along the glaring road. She did not feel equal to the effort till she had rested. And the cup of tea was the one thing to put heart into her. There were other things she might have preferred once. She had put them aside with some difficulty for the sake of the child.

She allowed herself to be drawn by Miss Mattie's impetuous hands into the garden. Then she remembered.

'My little boy is with me,' she said: and called the child. She had to go back to fetch Georgie, who, lying on his stomach, was looking into the depths of the pellucid water that ran under the bending swathes of grass over shining pebbles.

'I saw a fiss,' he said without stirring, just moving his fat legs to show that he was aware of a presence.

'Georgie, get up,' said the mother. 'If you are a good boy the lady will let you see her lovely garden.'

The matter of the woman's speech was well enough; the manner betrayed subtly that the speaker was not a lady; and yet there was a suggestion of refinement about the woman. Extreme gentleness was in her manner, her expression. Yet beside Miss Mattie's dainty refinement she was obviously a daughter of the people.

'Get up, Georgie, love.'

The boy scrambled to his feet. Miss Mattie uttered a faint shriek.

'But, dear Heaven—what a resemblance!' she said, and covered her eyes with her little twinkling hands as though the sun had dazzled them. 'And the name! My dear soul . . . !'

The woman looked at Miss Mattie and something of cunning came into her expression—a gentle and harmless cunning—as of a creature who has had to protect her helplessness by the only means within her reach.

'What is your name, my good woman?' Miss Mattie asked, uncovering the corner of one eye.

'Mrs. . . .' there was an almost imperceptible pause. 'Mrs. . . . Smith.'

'Ah—I thought it might have been Ludlow. How could it be? Ridiculous! Living so much alone, and with one's thoughts dwelling on one person, one is very apt to have imaginations. You think so?'

She uncovered the other eye and took a good look at Georgie.

'There is certainly a resemblance,' she said. 'Perhaps it will disappear after a little while. I often find that resemblances have a way of disappearing. There was a time when a chance resemblance in a walk, a figure, the turn of a head, used to trouble me so much that I gave up going outside my own little place except to church. That was, of course, after Squire Ludlow's death. I nursed him like a daughter till he died.'

The woman listened, with her furtive look. She was holding the child by the hand now, and Miss Mattie walking up the garden path by her side kept stealing odd peeps at him from the hither side of his mother, and then averting her eyes as though the richly tinted little face dazzled her.

'The curls,' she said to herself. 'They are as close as the tendrils of the vine. And purple-black, like a ripe grape. It is very strange.'

She led the way through the porch, across a little tiled hall, into a sitting-room. The room was curiously pretty. It had grey walls and the curtains and coverings of the furniture were grey and purple. The walls were covered with delicate water-colours. The carpet on the floor had little bunches of faint violets sprinkled on a dove-coloured ground.

The woman sank into a chair, with a murmured apology for the dust of her shoes and the skirts she had been too weary to hold out of the road-dust. The child clung to her, hiding his face shyly from the bright eyes that seemed as though they could not keep away from him.

Miss Mattie rang the bell. A neat little servant came in response.

'We will have tea in the dining-room, if you please, Ann,' she said. 'Please send in a good tea—some boiled eggs—a little boy's tea, with plenty of jam, honey, and cake—and—oh, yes!—there are a few strawberries left in the bed. Pick us a little dish of strawberries.'

Georgie's eyes grew large as he turned them on his mother. She was not noticing him. She was looking intently at a miniature in a frame of pearls which hung above the mantelpiece. It stood out among a number of other miniatures. The soldier's scarlet coat made a violent spot of colour.

Below the miniature was a handful of pansies in a glass, the only flowers on the mantelpiece, which was covered with bits of old silver, china, and all sorts of pretty bric-à-brac.

The woman leant nearer and stared at the miniature. The face, highly coloured and aquiline-featured, was painted with delicate skill. The young man in the soldier's coat had a fine forehead, fine grey eyes with dark lashes, and rather thick eyebrows which were not unpleasing. The cheeks were somewhat too red: the lips somewhat over-crimson. Altogether a face of vivid colouring—for the scarlet of the lips, the touch of carmine in the

cheeks, the white forehead showing above the brown of the face, were strongly contrasted with the curling rings of purple-black hair that fell in heavy clusters—like Georgie's, surely like Georgie's.

'You see the likeness?' Miss Mattie asked, leaning a little nearer. 'You see the likeness? An odd thing, isn't it? If George Ludlow had left a child'—her lowered eyelids and the rising colour in her cheeks were strangely young and virginal for a woman who would never see fifty again—'he must have looked very like your little boy. Of course he didn't. He went out to battle and never came back.'

'He was killed?' asked the woman, sitting back in her chair and pressing her handkerchief to her lips. The child was now seated on the floor. He was tired, and he rested his little head against Miss Mattie's knee, quite unconscious of any social difference between the world he was accustomed to and Miss Mattie's. His eyes blinked. He had tried to make friends with Miss Mattie's old poodle, but Fifi distrusted little boys and made no response. Georgie was keeping awake for the glorious tea which had been promised him. He was very sleepy. The trudge along the glaring road had thoroughly exhausted him.

'He must have been killed,' Miss Mattie replied in a low voice. 'He was the bravest of the brave. Or he died in captivity. He never came back. The War Office did all it could. We never had tale or tidings of him.'

All the little world of the countryside knew Miss Mattie's romance. Anyone at all sympathetic could always draw her on to talk about it. So it was not so wonderful that she should talk of it to this poor woman with the gentle face, to whom she was doing a charity that might perhaps be done to the Lord of us all.

'His father and I hoped for a long time—past all hope. Everyone else had given up long before we did. I went and nursed Squire Ludlow at the Hall. His great grief, as it was mine, was that I was not really his daughter, in name as well as in love. It was all so sudden. The troops were called out before we knew where we were. No time for a marriage. I should have been very proud to have borne George's name. Not that he could be more mine than he was, not if there were fifty marriages. Oh, my dear, here is Ann with the tea. And the very last of our strawberries. I shall pour out tea. And here is cream for the strawberries.'

She lifted Georgie to her knee, crumpling her white muslin,

soiling it with the stain of the road. A pair of little shoes much worn at the toes and white with dust lay against the lace of her skirt.

Georgie woke up for his tea, ate greedily at first, but was soon satisfied. He laid his sleepy head against Miss Mattie's shoulder. Miss Mattie had a way with children, as many a village mother of a sick child could have testified. She slipped an arm about the boy. Her other hand lifted the delicate china tea-cup to her lips.

'As I was saying, when Ann interrupted me,' she went on . . . 'Oh yes, I remember. The day Captain Ludlow went away—he was the most splendid of them all, and all our men were splendid—his father and I went up to London to see them march through the streets. We could not go to Tilbury Docks. His father was afraid I might break down, or so he said. I've sometimes thought he was afraid of himself and he wanted to keep a proud face to the world. Oh, my dear, it was a spectacle! Bands playing, accoutrements glittering: the horses champing their bits and jingling all their trappings. How clean they looked! How alert! How bright! And the people all cheering like mad.'

She put down her tea-cup and her bright mad eyes seemed to see the pictures once again. Then she laid a hand over them.

'The pomp and circumstance of glorious war,' she repeated, as though to herself. 'Oh, my dear—it was worse for us left behind. How we suffer, we women! And that poor old man! Well, he hoped till he died. Just at the last—it was two years ago last Christmas—he opened his eyes, and he said in a loud terrible voice: "George is dead!" Strange—was it not?'

Again the woman pressed her handkerchief to her lips. Her eyes were fixed on the soldier's miniature.

Miss Mattie did not wait for any comment. She pushed away her tea-cup with the disengaged hand.

'After all,' she said, 'we had our compensations—our great and glorious compensations. He was brave and splendid to the end—I am sure of it. His father and I—when we could talk of our grief—we used to say that death we could bear; uncertainty we could bear, though it was harder; the one thing we could not bear—we, possessors of a glorious memory—was what others, God help them, had to bear.'

She lowered her voice and leant nearer the woman.

'My dear, in that very battle from which Captain Ludlow never returned, there was a heap of slain—and—*every man of them had been shot in the back*. Dreadful! Incredible! I have my

theory—it is that Captain Ludlow followed some of those cowards, trying to turn them back, and that so he was either mortally wounded or else he was captured by the enemy and—never came back. Think what it would have been if he had been discovered among those . . . unfortunates! It was impossible, of course; but other fathers, other sweethearts, had to bear it. Our hearts might be broken, but our pride never. I never saw fear on the Squire's face except at the hour he died. It seemed cruel that it should have overtaken him then; but there is One who knows, Whose ways we must not judge.'

The child settled himself lower in her arms, relaxed his limbs and stretched himself.

'Let me have him,' said the mother. 'He is heavy for such a little lady as you.'

'No, no; you are tired.'

Miss Mattie stood up, and, still holding the child, arranged her silk sofa-cushions with a dexterous sweep of her hand.

'Darling!' she said, as she laid him down. 'Darling! The likeness is really terrible; it grows clearer every moment. I wonder what the Squire would have thought. It would have opened all his wounds to see this child.'

She stood looking down at Georgie as though she could not tear herself away.

The shadows were now on this side of the house. It seemed cooler, with the coming refreshment of the dews. A light wind had risen and stirred the window-curtains, bringing the scent of the stocks and of a distant clover-field. The wood-doves were cooing all about the house, and there was a cawing of rooks as they winged their way homewards.

'I had better be going,' said the woman, rising to her feet. 'It's a thousand pities to disturb him, but——'

'Please don't go yet,' said Miss Mattie. 'You don't really look fit for it, you poor soul. Better stay. You won't be the first wayfarer to whom I've given a lodging for the night. I'll tell Ann. How I've talked! And I know nothing of you. Nothing except that you're a good woman. You haven't seen my garden. Come and look at my pansies. I love them because they are so faithful. There is not a day of the year but they will bear a blossom. If I had had the inestimable privilege of tending Captain Ludlow's grave I should have covered it with pansies.'

'My husband lies in an East-end graveyard,' said the woman,

with a sudden shrillness. 'A horrible place—I'd have given him the green fields if I could.'

Miss Mattie looked at her with a certain wonder. She had forgotten when she talked of her own griefs that her listener might also have suffered.

'Your husband?' she said, with a manner of gentle remoteness. She was prepared to be sympathetic; but the poor woman's husband would be a drab personality beside that glittering creature in scarlet and gold who had ridden out of Miss Mattie's life into the void.

'Your husband? Of course. You are a widow, my poor woman. But, after all, you have this'—indicating the sleeping child—'if Captain Ludlow had but left me such an image of himself . . .'

She blushed again as she said it: and the other woman spoke with a kind of rage, strange in so gentle a creature.

'Your memories are very different from mine,' she said. 'I, poor wretch, I thought it a fine thing to marry a gentleman. I might have been happy with a man of my own class. He dazzled me. I worked my fingers to the bone for him. He was a gentleman to the end. He did nothing except walk about with a dog at his heels: and sometimes he went to races. I had my savings when I married him; I had nursed him back from death's door. I took a house near the Caledonian Road—you don't know London, maybe—it's up the Cattle Market way—not where I should have liked to settle, but the money wouldn't run to more. I took in lodgers. We lived in the basement, I and the children. They never got any health. I lost four of them before Georgie came. Georgie would have gone the way of the others if we'd stayed. The basement was damp. You should have seen the beetles! And—rats! We couldn't keep them under. We were broke out of it after Georgie was born, else he'd have gone too. His father was a gentleman to the last. I took care of that. I never minded what I did for him. I felt repaid for it all when I saw him walk out with his cigar in his mouth and his dog at his heels.'

Miss Mattie stared at her. Poor soul! What a sordid story she was revealing!—the more horrible because of its contrast with her own heroic idyll.

'He should not have let you work,' she said, her compassionate eyes resting on the weary and flushed face. Poor soul! What

things women would idealise who had not such a splendid lover as Captain Ludlow. Her thoughts were full of bitter condemnation of the man, but she would not speak them.

'And you loved him to the end?' she said, wonderingly.

'Oh, yes. I loved him to the end. I didn't mind working for him, bless you. Not every poor girl like me marries a gentleman.'

She laughed oddly as she put her handkerchief to her lips. The handkerchief vaguely distressed Miss Mattie now that she could observe it. It was coarse and not over-clean. Still, poor soul, she had been tramping the dusty highways. She should sleep in a little white bed, in a cool and fragrant room, for once. Part of Miss Mattie's madness in the eyes of the rest of the world was that she took her religion literally.

She thought she could find a change of garments for the poor woman. She should have a hot bath and clean linen to sleep in. And the child—Miss Mattie herself was going to bath the child. She had a curiously pleasurable anticipation about the bathing of Georgie.

'I came down here,' the woman said, with a reckless air, 'to see if any of his people were living who might take the child. I ask nothing for myself. I'd as soon die under a clean hedgerow as in a hospital any day: only I should like them to find me soon. He did use to have relations in these parts, Georgie's father, I mean. They're all dead and gone and their money passed to strangers. I've had my journey for nothing—unless—maybe you'd take Georgie.'

'I!' Miss Mattie was startled. 'Take your child, my poor soul! Oh, I couldn't do that. A mother has the first claim. I could find you some light employment—until you were stronger. A little needlework now. Have you ever mended lace? The child, of course, could stay. I should love to have the child. His little feet are not fit for the roads of the world.'

'They have carried him far enough,' the woman answered. 'He's an affectionate little lad, but at five a child soon forgets. I'm worse than you think, ma'am.'

She suddenly unrolled the handkerchief she had been holding, under Miss Mattie's shocked eyes. It was drenched with blood.

'It's the sixth to-day. I washed the others out in a stream and dried them on a hedge. The blood's always coming into my mouth. I'm dead-tired.'

Miss Mattie stood up in alarm. She got the woman to bed in

the little cool white room. Not to disturb her, she put Georgie, after his bath, into a little cot by her own bed. Already she felt as though the child were hers.

The next morning when Miss Mattie stole in softly and pulled up the blinds, the woman was gone. On the table was a roughly pencilled note in which she asked Miss Mattie to keep the child, 'seeing as how you've a fancy for him, and have the best right to him, me being gone.'

The last half of the sentence often recurred to Miss Mattie with a sense of bewilderment. What on earth did the poor woman mean?

There was no explanation. The traveller had got well on her way before her absence was discovered. Miss Mattie ascertained later on that the woman had died, leaving not a trace of where she had come from, in the infirmary of a town some thirty miles away.

Miss Mattie sometimes asked herself if she had not delayed to raise the hue and cry till the woman was well out of reach. She was full of fine scruples in all matters of life and conduct. But, after all—her doom was written. It was better for the child to be wholly Miss Mattie's.

The time came when Miss Mattie almost forgot that he was not her own—hers and George Ludlow's. She believed and she did not believe: for it was a delusion she was very careful to keep to herself.

'Georgie shall grow up a gentleman—not as his father was,' she sometimes said to herself: which proved that she was deluded but with half her intelligence, and that a wilful delusion.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

AFTER THE DEATH OF EUCLID.

EUCLID died some few years ago ; he was killed at a meeting of the British Association by a blow from an engineer, and the teachers of mathematics buried him, perhaps at the time hardly realising what they did ; or it may be, some were glad to get rid of him in the hope of replacing him by a better man—thinking the opportunity would create the supply—and some, because they considered it was a practical and materialistic age, and the old man had no place in it. But now, after the lapse of some ten years, the time seems to have come to take stock, to make a balance-sheet under the new régime. What have we gained and what have we lost by the death of the Euclidian age ?

Looking back upon the event, it may, at first sight, seem a matter of surprise that the old Geometer was got rid of so easily. It is worth while to note that he was not killed by one of his own pupils ; it was not a mathematician who raised his hand against him, though none tried to save him. Years ago attempts had been made to get rid of him, but they always failed. This time the blow was struck at a very opportune moment : everything was ripe for a change ; not only were men's nerves upset by our failure at the beginning of the Boer War, which betrayed a lack of scientific training and power of adaptability, but in addition the utilitarian spirit was much abroad. Mechanical and electrical science were being practically applied in many new directions, and the engineers were crying out for workmen : they looked to the schools of the country to supply their need, and what did they find ? The old order changing, yielding place to new. Greek had almost gone, Latin was going, and so many of the subjects which scholars laid stress upon, as being of educational value in matters of taste and style, were being ousted in favour of the 'vulgar mass called work' (to use Browning's phrase). Euclid alone of the old order remained, and he must go too, because he seemed to be useless for practical purposes. It was the training of the hand and the eye which was immediately required. No man, who had been engaged in teaching for any length of time, could urge that Euclid was any training in anything for very many boys.

It was largely the fault of unqualified teachers who could not see the beauty of his simplicity, the clearness of his style, and the rigidity of his logic—the hidden value behind the outer veil. So

to most learners he was but a silly and hard taskmaster, without any rhyme or reason; they learnt him—if at all—parrot-like and attached no meaning to his words; he was as the dry bones of the Prophet Ezekiel—very dry, and apparently without life. He was given up, therefore, it seems to me, primarily for two reasons: first, he did not immediately help to supply the urgent demand of the engineers; secondly, the training which he was supposed to give was on trial found to be no training at all. These, of course, are two excellent reasons—if they are true—for giving him up as an educational subject in our schools; but the question still remains, What have we lost and what have we gained by the change?—for it is quite impossible for any subject to have been taught so long without being of some value.

In my opinion we have lost a very great deal. We have lost a great Classic, who came to us with the authority of many years' tradition behind him, who had a style which has served as a model of clearness and simplicity and exactness, rivalled by few and second to none, and which has served as a source of inspiration to many who have followed him. What could possibly be clearer, or more simple, than the system of deductive reasoning which he followed and which he taught? He started with a few simple facts; from them, step by step, little by little, he established his propositions; and how clearly he did it! There was first the statement of what he proposed to do, then the building of the scaffolding which was necessary for his work, then the doing of the work itself, and finally the definite proof that what he had set out to do had been done. To him that had eyes to see and ears to hear, it was a training in clearness of thought and statement and logical development which could not be surpassed. Unconsciously, perhaps, this training, which had gone on from generation to generation, must have exercised great influence upon the English character: it was a great thing for men to learn what a proof was and what it was not; and if many boys had not the eyes to see nor the ears to hear, well . . . was that any reason for giving it all up, unless it could be replaced by something better?

Of course there was no educational value in learning how to bisect a given finite straight line, and in proving that it had been done, nor in constructing an equilateral triangle: nobody wanted to do these things *per se*—just as nobody wants to be vaccinated *per se*—but there was an education in recognising that these were small, but essential, links in a chain of reasoning without which the

chain would not hold together. And there are many men, who are not and never could be mathematicians, who look back to their schooldays, and realise that they owe much of their success in after-life to what they learnt from those early lessons in elementary mathematics. As I write, I have before me a letter from a man whose name is a household word, and who holds at present one of the most important administrative offices in the Empire. He writes :

‘I regard my work at elementary mathematics as the most salutary mental discipline I ever received, and though the knowledge is now gone, through the effort I made at school the faculty remains of a greater power of application than I should otherwise have ever developed.’

These words seem to me to convey the gist of the whole matter, the recognition of the fact which I wish to emphasise—that a training in elementary mathematics has done much for the development of perseverance and effort in the national character, and has often taught men to criticise their own statements to see whether they were logically sound.

But if the direct loss has been great, what I may call the moral and indirect loss has been greater. For the sake of practical utility we gave up a great Classic, and since then it has been so easy to give up ideals; we have allowed ourselves to get into the frame of mind towards education in which we welcome any change which tends towards immediate results, rather than ultimate training, ‘things done that take the eye and have the price.’ We are willing to teach boys what interests them rather than what is good for them; in other words, we seem to have adopted to the full the value of the lines of least resistance in intellectual matters. Mathematics owes its place in any educational system not to the fact that it is an end in itself, but because it is a part of a gradual training; and that fact we are fast allowing ourselves to forget. It is all the more easy to forget it, because we have the example of the Army and Navy before us: the schools cannot get away from it. But it is worth while to remember that the cadets at Osborne and Dartmouth are being trained with only one end in view, and that an end which requires a very special knowledge of the vast applications of mechanical and electrical science, and competence in the use of them. The candidates for the Army are also required to show skill along the special lines in which their future work is likely to be; but neither of these two professions demands that general education

which we have been accustomed to look for from the schools of the country. It is no part of our business to begin to train specialists. Sir George Greenhill in his Presidential Address to the Mathematical Association some few years ago said, 'Naval and Military education is entirely utilitarian.' Indeed Osborne and Dartmouth, and the Army classes generally, owe their existence to the fact that the schools did not specialise enough, but that is no reason why the mathematical training in the latter should follow the lines laid down for these two professions. They are the narrower lines; and a more valuable method, it seems to me, would have been to carry on the work on the old and wider lines, till the time came to add a superstructure of the special work required for special purposes. This would probably have been done had there not been, in England, such an ingrained contempt for intellect, and such an impatience at all delay in qualifying to enter on a profession, and an unwillingness to go beyond the prescribed routine.

So I hold that we have lost a very great deal, both directly and indirectly, by giving up Euclid; but let us now look at the other side of the balance-sheet—what have we gained?

The answer to this question lies in considering what do we now teach instead of Euclid—what has actually taken his place; we cannot reply in a single word.

In the first place, we teach geometry. At first sight this appears to be the same thing under a new name,—'new presbyter, but old priest writ large'—but in reality it is not so. Geometry now, for the most part, means little more than geometrical drawing; at any rate, this is the only part of the subject where any real gain has been made. We have reverted to a long ago method, for geometrical drawing was the first subject a little Greek boy was taught before he was promoted to Euclid. We, in fact, lay stress upon the training of the hand and the eye, and in this way meet to a certain extent the practical demands of the engineers. Geometrical problems of no great intrinsic interest in themselves are solved experimentally by compasses and ruler: by neat and carefully drawn figures which satisfy the eye, and apparently fulfil conditions. Formerly the solution of the same problem (if solved at all) would have been accompanied by a rough figure and a definite theoretic proof showing that it had been done. This is typical of the whole matter, the great difference between present and past methods. The latter cared for little else than the mental effort involved in the proof.

We follow along the same lines to other than mere geometrical problems; we survey districts, draw plans, find the distances and compass-bearings of one place from another: 'If Oxford is fifty-four miles N.W. of London, and Cambridge is fifty-five miles due N. of London, what is the distance and bearing of Oxford from Cambridge?'—We take observations, measure angles of elevation and so find heights of inaccessible objects such as church steeples, and mountain-tops: 'What is the height of St. Paul's Cathedral, if at a place three hundred yards from it the angle of elevation of the top of its cross is forty-eight degrees?' We have in fact brought the work of the class-room away from the abstract to the concrete, and made it deal more with the actualities of life. We have shown that things in a book are not totally different from things out of it.

From all this geometrical drawing and its bearing upon practical questions, there is growing up a facility in execution and a sense of neatness and of form which formerly were absent. These are in themselves valuable; but there is something more, something which perhaps cannot be represented so easily in tangible results. It is this: in many young minds there is growing up a feeling of confidence in themselves and of their capacity to solve problems—so long at any rate (this is an important limitation) as they are dealing with concrete quantities and not abstract ideas, and may use their instruments. They see that by means of a graduated ruler, a pair of compasses and a protractor with which to measure angles, they are able to achieve much by trial, and they learn to try along the lines on which they are being taught. This drawing has all the stimulating interest of a creative effort. Of course mistakes are frequent, and all the more because it is the empiric method which appeals to boys; they cannot prove that what they have done satisfies conditions; they see that it apparently does so, without knowing why. A proof is a totally different thing, and there is often evident a feeling of disappointment in the boy's mind that the beautiful piece of geometrical drawing produced—with accurate circles and correct lengths—is all wrong; it seems to him to be right, but appearances are deceptive. Elementary geometrical facts, too, which can be readily tested—e.g. that the three angles of a triangle always add up to 180 degrees—are well known and stated with a boldness which defies contradiction, and so are just those properties connected with figures, both plane and solid, which can be proved by measurement, and tested by

ocular demonstration. In this way, and so far, the demand of the engineers has to a certain extent been met, and the abolition of Euclid justified.

In the second place, much time that was formerly occupied in learning, or trying to learn, theoretic proofs has been set free for other subjects. How many young minds were finally debarred from any further effort by their inability to cross the 'pons asinorum'? Indeed at the very threshold of the subject this name was often a stumbling-block to any progress, even if advance had been made so far. Not long ago a boy with a fine (but I fancy unconscious) sense of humour made this memorable reply to my question: 'How much Euclid have you done?' 'I have got up to the first proposition many times.' The time thus set free from theoretic work is used for new subjects—mechanics, trigonometry, and calculus—all treated, as far as possible, in the same practical way as geometry. These present fresh ideas to the boys, and make them feel that in their mathematics they have a many-sided instrument which is valuable to them, and which can be brought to bear upon the solution of problems of very varying interest: the principles which underlie the making of machines, levers, pulleys, cranes; the forces, the stresses and strains, in the girders of bridges and roofs; the horse-power of engines; the range of a gun, etc.

And, in the third place, changes have been made in other elementary subjects in sympathy with the changes in geometry—in such subjects as arithmetic and algebra, which are universally taught. The parts of them which are of theoretic value only have been dropped: boys are no longer confronted with the difficulty of papering imaginary rooms, or of trying to understand money questions which involve the technical terms of the Stock Exchange; nor do they waste their energy in simplifying long and complex fractions, which have only been made up in order that they may be unmade; much manipulating of symbols has gone, conjuring with unknown quantities in order to wriggle out an answer has gone, chasing a wary and elusive x without knowing what it was worth when found has also gone. And instead of all this boys bring their instruments of precision to bear upon their work: they plot graphs of statistics, and read them easily; they construct curves showing the rise and fall of imports and exports, though it may be without much interest; they draw diagrams such as those found in the offices of any railway company, which show how time-tables are constructed, and realise how helpful they are in overcoming the

difficulty involved in running special trains without interfering with the regular service.

All this seems to be very good and useful and to denote a very real gain; the gain in our imaginary balance sheet seems far to outweigh the loss; but does it? The difficulty of weighing the two sides one against the other lies in the fact that they scarcely have a common unit, in terms of which they can be compared. When we look a little below the surface it is clear that there has been a very real, if silent, revolution in elementary education so far as mathematics is concerned; it does not aim now at the same wide broadening of intellectual power, but takes its stand on a different plane altogether, and, it may be, seems to achieve more because it strives for less. If it is true 'that success is naught, endeavour's all,' we are in danger of winning the one and losing the other.

The real test is perhaps this. If a teacher of the past were to visit a class-room under present conditions, would he find the standard of work higher, and would he feel conscious of a keener intellectual grip among his pupils? As one who has passed through the transition period I doubt if he would; from my own experience, now going back many years, I very much doubt whether the revolution has made for intellectual improvement. Our training does not tend to make thinkers; it tries to make doers; and the phrase 'I don't see it' is just as frequent as ever it was when any mathematical thought is to be followed out, or any piece of deductive reasoning to be done. Boys so often nowadays use their compasses that it is almost inconceivable that any one of them should define a circle as 'one straight line which goes round and round till it meets in the centre'; but ask them to prove any simple property about it, and the number of good and correct results is no greater than before. Propositions stated in general terms only produce, for the most part, looks of questioning astonishment. We must deal with the particular rather than with the general: it is better to say 'Construct a triangle with its sides equal to two, three, and four inches in length,' rather than 'Construct a triangle with its sides equal to three given straight lines.'

Euclid thought it worth while to prove the obvious fact that the shortest distance from one point to another is as 'the crow flies'; and stated his proposition that any two sides of a triangle are together greater than the third. Ask the average boy to prove this as a general theorem: he will draw a perfect figure, measure the three sides, and make it clear that the sum of any two is greater

than the third: then altogether fail to understand that this is not a general proof. Ask him why the proposition is true, and he answers, 'It is so, because I've measured it.' Perhaps he would have done the same during the reign of Euclid, but he would have realised more fully that the truth of his assertion depended upon a general proof and have tried to think it out, rather than merely do it. Nor is it different in other subjects. Take the case of an algebraical problem the answer to which lies in solving a simple or quadratic equation; it is easy no doubt to work out the equation when it has been obtained, but the difficulty lies in the step-by-step argument which leads up to and ends in the equation, and there are no more boys to find it than in the past, and no fewer to say 'I don't see.'

The clever boy finds very little indeed in a popular and modern text-book on geometry to arouse his intellectual interest; to him it is child's play which bores him; but he hardly counts. Euclid was not abolished for his sake or because it failed in his case. If under the old régime we erred in our attempt to bring all boys up to the standard of the best and allowed him, as it were, to set the pace, we are, indeed, in no danger of the same mistake now. Geometry is at once the most difficult, and the most valuable, of elementary mathematical subjects taught in a school, and if only a boy can learn 'to see the next step,' he advances by leaps and bounds in mental development—he feels something of that driving power of enthusiasm for his subject which adds vigour to his effort and pleasure to his achievements. No amount of measurement can take its place. Nor does measurement render easier the jump from the concrete to the abstract, from the practical to the theoretical, which must be made if a boy's mind is to be really awakened by his boyhood's education. The riders at the end of that old brown Todhunter which used to be such a stumbling-block are as much a stumbling-block as ever. Indeed no teacher nowadays would ever expect to get them done, because we do not cultivate the imagination which is required to do them. It might not be difficult to show that a decline in imaginative power implies a decline in intellectual force along the whole line. In our modern methods, with all their concrete instances, we are withdrawing from our class-rooms the inspiration of the ideal that:

'Man's work is to labour and leaven
As best he may—
It is work for work's sake that he's needing.'

It is a great mistake to suppose that mathematics deals only with hard dry facts ; the very essence of its great value as a training lies in its power of developing the imagination, and without this its value is immensely diminished. If this side of the intellect is neglected, there will be wanting the imagination to conceive new developments of knowledge, to invent new ones when old ones are inadequate, and to lay out a route through the unknown land beyond the regions of the known. The statement of the law of gravity was one of the greatest of all the achievements of the imagination.

This brings me to the last part of what I want to say. If our many and far-reaching changes have not made theoretic geometry any more effective as an instrument of general education—and in my opinion they have not—one cannot but wonder whether it is worth doing at all. I hold that it would be far better, if we are to continue along our present lines, to replace it altogether by geometrical drawing, and when that comes to an end, as it soon does, give up geometry entirely, except in the case of the few boys who are going to be mathematicians, and let the time be devoted to something quite different.

There is another reason why it seems to me that theoretic geometry is not worth the time which is being spent upon it under the existing, somewhat chaotic, conditions. I said earlier that it may be some mathematicians were glad to get rid of Euclid in the hope of replacing him by a better man, but no two of us are agreed that the better man has been found in any of the many text-books which are in circulation,—their multitude is evidence of that. There is no man of sufficient mark to be accepted by all as the standard Geometer, and his system of reasoning universally followed.

They have the same difficulty in other countries. At a recent meeting of a Mathematical Association, held in London, I heard the chairman say that the Italian Government had ordered the re-introduction of Euclid, as there was so much dissatisfaction with the books which had taken his place. Whether this is true or not, training in the development of a logical sense, as formerly understood, does not exist. 'Any proof is accepted which appears to form part of a systematic treatment.' What is a 'systematic treatment?' *Quot homines tot sententiæ*. A boy may now go from one school to another and only find confusion worse confounded, if he changes his text-book : for he learns that there is no recognised authority, that the order which he once tried to

follow in his chain of reasoning has ceased to exist, and that his former, apparently solid, foundations are now merely matters of debate. Till, then, the time arises that we can agree upon Euclid's successor, it would be better to cease to waste time in trying to teach a logic which, after all, is a very qualified logic.

Such a revolutionary change as that which has taken place during the past ten years in elementary mathematical teaching must have important results upon a wider life than mere school life. As I have said, it was a great thing for men to have to learn what proof was and what it was not, and nowhere better could it be learnt than in the school of a science which has never had to take one step backward, which has never asserted without proof, nor retracted a proved assertion. To quote the words of the late Professor Henry Smith—Savilian professor of geometry at Oxford—'I could not argue well for the enduring intellectual strength of any nation, whose education was not based on a solid foundation of mathematical learning, and whose scientific conceptions, or in other words whose notions of the world and of the things in it, were not braced and girt together with a strong framework of mathematical reasoning.' This training we have now largely given up. It will be interesting to note, in after-years, whether it has made for intellectual strength or the reverse.

C. H. P. MAYO.

SIXTY YEARS IN THE WILDERNESS.

NEARING JORDAN.

BY SIR HENRY LUCY.

CHAPTER VII.

FRANK LOCKWOOD.

TWENTY years ago Frank Lockwood was member for York, Recorder of Sheffield, one of the most successful practitioners at the Common Law Bar, and one of the most popular men in the House of Commons. He might have been several other things had fortune chanced to alter the direction of his steps. He actually did begin with the stage, going about the country for some time playing minor parts in the company of Mr. and Mrs. Kendal. He had then been called to the Bar, and had hopefully sat in wig and gown waiting for the briefs that never came. It was Mrs. Kendal who by personal application to Sir Albert Rollit, then a practising solicitor in Hull, obtained his first brief. He soon got another, and rapidly acquired a splendid practice.

He had great facility with the pencil, and had he given himself up to study of its use would have made a position amongst the small band of artists in black and white. There was scarcely an incident in House of Commons life during the term of his membership that was not illustrated by a sketch from his pen. He had a keen sense of humour and drew with remarkable rapidity. When looking round the House of Commons one saw a piece of paper passing from hand to hand, a broad smile spread along its wake, it was concluded that one of Frank Lockwood's sketches was making its round.

It was the same in Court, any spare moment being filled up with vivid sketches of witnesses, counsel, or Judge. A valuable and remarkable volume left behind him was a copy of the evidence before a Royal Commission which sat at Chester to inquire into corrupt practices alleged to have taken place at a Parliamentary election. Each commissioner was supplied (at the expense of the State) with fine large pencils, blue and red. Lockwood used his up adorning every page of his copy of the evidence with coloured sketches, comprising portraits and incidents in court.

He had at home a large collection of caricatures of Judges and other eminent persons, which were occasionally matters of some embarrassment. When any of his unconscious sitters chanced to be dining with him, he was careful to put away mementoes personal to themselves.

'It is a strange thing, Mr. Lockwood,' said Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, turning over one evening a portfolio containing more or less freely drawn portraits of his learned brethren on the bench—'a very strange thing, that you don't seem ever to have drawn me.'

If he had only seen the contents of a large envelope carefully disposed in a drawer before his arrival, the Lord Chief Justice would have had food for other reflection.

Even at the height of his professional and Parliamentary success, Lockwood's secret desire was to draw for *Punch*. He had a natural gift for caricature. But lack of study, and of consequent acquirement of finish, precluded reproduction of his sketches. Nevertheless they in many cases were found worthy of redrawing by more skilled hands. He frequently came to me in the Lobby of the House of Commons bubbling over with suggestion of a sketch arising upon an incident of current debate. His execution was exceedingly rapid. After discussing the matter, he would return in a few minutes with a sketch. I have many of the originals, one of the best illustrating a chance phrase in a speech by the present Earl Spencer, at the time known in the House as 'Bobby.' Debate arising on the question, to-day again to the fore, of the condition of the farm labourer, 'Bobby' presented himself at the table, the perfection of high art in tailoring, his columnar collar, rivalling in fame Mr. Gladstone's, gleaming round his neck.

'I am not,' said 'Bobby' in mincing tones, 'an agricultural labourer.'

This suggested two sketches one a faithful portrait of the Vice-Chamberlain, standing at the table, the top of which the tips of his fingers daintily touched; the other of what he might have been had fate fixed his lot on a farm. He was presented dressed in white smock, knee-breeches, white stockings, a ribbon-decked pitchfork over his shoulder, tripping forth to his daily work. By way of recognition of his collaboration, Lockwood's name was added to the list which procures for the staff of *Punch* an early copy of the week's paper, a privilege of which he was excessively proud.

Another lightning sketch which had great success was drawn

whilst on a week-end visit to Sandringham. Among the guests was Sir William Harcourt. A chance reference to Gladstone's eighty-fourth birthday drew from him the remark that he had perfect recollection of an occasion when he was nursed on the knee of his illustrious colleague and chief. This was irresistible to Lockwood. In an instant, realising the scene of sixty years earlier, he drew on the back of the menu a fancy picture of Harcourt in short clothes, his supernatural girth girdled by a sash, his face very much what it was in the 'nineties, smiling benignly into the face of Mr. Gladstone who is giving him a 'ride a-cock-horse to Banbury Cross.' Queen Alexandra, then resident at Sandringham, possessed herself of the sketch, which remains a cherished souvenir of other days and scenes.

Edward Prince of Wales took great delight in the society of the witty Q.C. One night at Lincoln's Inn the Prince in his capacity as Grand Master of Freemasons presided at the installation of a Lodge exclusively recruited from the Chancery Bar. Inquiring who was appointed to respond for the toast of the Bar, he was told it was Mr. Pope, Q.C. Pope was an amiable and learned gentleman, who carried a light heart under a heavy weight of flesh. But he was not exactly the kind of after-dinner speaker who sets the table in a roar. His seniority imposed on him the duty of responding for this toast, and he might not be displaced. The Prince wanted to hear Frank Lockwood, and the ingenuity of the chairman was equal to the occasion. The toast of 'The Visitors' was added to the formal list, the Prince himself proposing it, coupled with Lockwood's name.

The response sparkled with humour. One of its happiest points referred to an incident that had taken place before dinner. At a certain stage of the installation of the Lodge only brethren who had passed the chair were by the occult rules of Freemasonry permitted to be present. Lord Halsbury and Lockwood were among those whom this rule temporarily dismissed from the room. Alluding to the incident Lockwood observed that in a certain class of cases, not unfamiliar to learned Judges present, women and children, representatives of all that was beautiful and pure, were ordered to leave the court.

'In the same way, Sir,' he said, turning to the Prince of Wales, 'at a particular stage of the ceremony over which your Royal Highness presided, Lord Halsbury and I were ordered to quit the room, and of what thereafter took place we are absolutely ignorant.'

The idea of Lord Halsbury as a type of female beauty shyly

withdrawing from conversation unfitted for the ear of a young damsel was so irresistibly comical that it was some time before the shout of laughter that welcomed the hit permitted Lockwood to proceed.

It was in these flashes of unpremeditated humour that Lockwood was seen at his best. I remember one irradiating a dinner-table at Sheffield, where Lockwood and I were the guests of the local Press Club. It happened a short time after he had resigned the Recordership. Alluding to his term of office and the pleasant recollections he cherished of it, he was interrupted by a general cheer. After a brief pause, in which he scanned the audience with a look of pained surprise, he said, turning to the chairman, 'Really, Sir, I did not know that we had amongst us to-night so many gentlemen who had occasion to appear before me in my judicial capacity, and who seem to have been permitted to leave the Court with agreeable memories of the encounter.'

The gentleman known in the 'nineties in the House of Commons and at the Bar as 'Bob' Reid was a perennial source of amusement to Lockwood, a sure incentive to his genial but pointed wit. Inseparable friends, it is impossible to imagine two men of more widely different temperament—a Yorkshireman bubbling with wit and humour, a dour Scot placidly suffering the position of a butt, not quite understanding all his companion's allusions, or why others should laugh when he spoke, but trusting him with dog-like affection. The member for Dumfries, advancing ahead of his brilliant companion, was made Solicitor-General at a time when Lord Rosebery's Government, weakened by internal dissensions, was tottering to inevitable fall. Lockwood, speaking at a congratulatory dinner to Sir Robert Reid given by the Eighty Club at Cambridge, remarked that on passing his friend's chambers the previous day he observed that his new title, Solicitor-General, had been added to his name on the door in a single coat of paint. 'I do not know,' he continued, 'whether that indicates uncertainty as to the life of the Government of which my friend has just become a member, or whether it is merely the outcome of the constitutional economy of a Scotchman.'

Among customs growing out of an inseparable friendship delightful to watch, Lockwood and Reid annually gave a dinner at the Garrick Club, gathering round them a bright company of legal, Parliamentary, and literary stars. A frequent guest was Sir Charles Russell, afterwards Lord Chief Justice. On one occasion he regretfully expressed his inability to be present since he had staying

with him in Harley Street a guest from America. The cheery hosts made the perhaps expected response, 'Bring him along with you.' This the Attorney-General did, with comically disastrous consequences. When, dinner over, coffee and cigars were served, the gentleman from America (he was a member of the Bar in that country) began to talk, he was listened to with the courtesy due to a visitor from a foreign land. Encouraged by this attention, evidently inspired by patriotic desire to let the Britisher know what's what, he went on talking by the hour. The company included some of the brightest conversationalists in London. None of them had a chance. If in vain attempt to turn the tiresome monologue one made a remark it served as a text on which the gentleman from America went off on a new tack.

Seated nearly opposite Sir Charles Russell, I watched with delight his expressive countenance. If the bore had been there on anyone else's introduction, he would, in manner not unfamiliar to witnesses in the box or to junior counsel, have stormily shut him up. As it was, the sole responsibility rested with him. So he sat silent, tossing about in the chair, dosing himself with snuff by the spoonful, and shaking his blood-red bandana frequently applied it to his nose, and trumpeted like an irate elephant.

As he afterwards with rare apologetic manner admitted, he felt he had unwittingly been accessory to spoiling what should have been a delightful evening. It certainly was hard to begin with. But the company, beginning to see the humour of the situation and keeping their eye on the Attorney-General, successfully made believe to enjoy it. It was agreed that since the time of Faust never was so strikingly realised the fate which Frankenstein brought upon himself.

Lockwood barely attained the high position in Parliamentary debate his capacity promised. The fact is he was afraid of the House. He told me he felt a chill run down his spine whenever he rose to address it. Had he been able to throw into his speeches the joyous *abandon* with which he set himself to address a jury he would have had equal success. After all, the House of Commons is a common jury, larger in numbers than those found in the Law Courts, but equally human, susceptible of similar emotions. Lockwood, whilst conscious of his infirmity, could never school himself to take that view.

Towards the end he began to improve, and on one occasion captured the House by display of his familiar manner elsewhere. The defeat of Lord Rosebery's Government in 1895 found Lord

Salisbury unprepared with a Solicitor-General. At the request of the Premier Lockwood consented to continue in charge of his office till a successor was appointed. Two years later the Government were challenged upon a line of policy just adopted which was directly contrary to one pursued when they entered upon office.

'Can the Law Officers of the Crown,' asked an indignant member on the Opposition benches, 'justify the advice they must have given to their colleagues on the former occasion?'

Finlay, who had after an interval succeeded Lockwood, replied, 'The Law Officer at the time was her Majesty's then Solicitor-General whom I see sitting opposite.'

Here was a predicament unknown in Parliamentary history. Never before had a member seated amongst other ex-Ministers been called upon after an interval of years to vindicate an opinion delivered by him as a Law Officer for the Government of the party to which all his life he had been consistently opposed. With an inimitable air of mock gravity, Lockwood, responding to the challenge, explained 'what was precisely the advice I gave her Majesty's present Government on the occasion referred to.'

His speech, brief but pointed, was punctuated by hilarious cheers from both sides. The House recognised, if it had not already discovered, the secret—I won't say of comparative failure as a Parliamentary man, but—of his stopping short of the highest peak. The process of preparation and an uneasy feeling of responsibility were fatal to full success. When, as on this occasion, he was suddenly called upon to speak he was at his best.

Whilst he loved his daily work in the Law Courts which brought him money and fame, his deepest affection, his highest ambition, were rooted in the House of Commons and its possibilities of promotion. The turn of his thoughts appears in the following letter :

'Royal Courts of Justice, June 15, '94.

'MY DEAR LUCY,—I fully expect that Rigby will succeed Russell in the House of Lords. I find that there is a general opinion that I don't care about a Law officership: this has no doubt to some extent been caused by my strong feeling in favour of Bob Reid's appointment. I understand that it has also been suggested that my seat at York is not safe. I have this morning received letters, entirely unsolicited, from the Conservative agent and the Editor of the Liberal Unionist paper giving me the strongest assurance that in case of my seeking re-election I should not be opposed. I don't know what your view may be as to my qualifications; I am only anxious that you should not think that I am indifferent

in this matter. It does seem to me about time that representation of an English constituency ceased to be a disqualification for an English Law officership.

‘Yours ever,
FRANK LOCKWOOD.’

The purport of this diplomatic communication was discreetly made known in the proper quarter, and within a few months, on the first opportunity, he was made Solicitor-General.

In the ordinary course of events, unexpectedly realised in the case of his bosom friend—a remarkable instance in modern life of the tortoise beating the hare in a race—Lockwood might have reached the woolsack. His political friends dropping back in 1895 into the shade of Opposition with no visible prospect of emergence, his ambition was bounded by the limits of a puiſne judgeship. Such appointment he greatly desired. Fulfilment of the desire was fatally delayed. On an afternoon nearing Christmas time 1897, Lord Halsbury, then Lord Chancellor, called at Lennox Gardens intending to offer Frank Lockwood a judgeship about to be vacated. He was too late.

On Sunday morning, December 19, 1897, Frank Lockwood, in his fifty-second year, was called to the bar of a higher Court.

CHAPTER VIII.

MR. PUNCH AND HIS YOUNG MEN.

THE first time I sat at meat with Mr. Punch at the weekly dinner in Bouverie Street was on Wednesday, July 16, 1884. The company included Frank Burnand (in the chair), Tenniel, Linley Sambourne, Arthur à Beckett, du Maurier, Milliken, Gil à Beckett, Charles Keene, The Professor (Percival Leigh), and Harry Furniss. William Agnew, not yet knighted, and dear William Bradbury, one of the best fellows in the world, in their capacity of proprietors at subsequent dinners alternately occupied the vice-chair.

Of that merry company I only am left. Tenniel, Burnand, and Furniss, though retired from the circle, are still alive. The rest are landed in the far countrie.

‘For them all winds are quiet as the sun,
All waters as the shore.’

Although I was not admitted to the Table till the date named, I had for some time been a regular contributor. It was at the opening of the session of 1881 that the first entry in 'The Diary of Toby, M.P.' appeared. It was continued, session after session, through more than thirty years with the single interval of three weeks in 1908 when I was confined to my room by an attack of bronchitis. I remember how, dining with the proprietor of the *Observer* sometime in the last century, his wife (Mrs. Beer) asked me how I managed if I happened to be taken ill on a Friday morning, the time set apart for writing 'The Cross-Benches' article? That is a tale of bricks provided week by week through a longer vista of sessions even than the *Punch* article. It struck me when the query was put as a record possibly without parallel that I had never sent empty away the printer's boy waiting at noon on Fridays for *Observer* 'copy.'

The material 'Punch Dinner' began modestly enough in keeping with the financial resources of the budding periodical and its staff. In Mark Lemon's time it was given in various city restaurants, the guests taking pot-luck, always ending up with a bowl of punch. When I joined the Table I was under the impression that the meal would be plain, not to say Bohemian, in its character. A joint, peradventure a porter-house steak, with a stoup of stout or bitter beer, seemed about the appropriate thing. Sentimental predilections were agreeably shocked by finding the Wednesday dinner a regular banquet, with multiple courses, including two soups, a choice of fish, and the rest in proportion. When the paper became the property of Bradbury, Agnew & Co., the principal room in the offices in Bouverie Street was set apart as a dining-hall. For some months during 1898, the old offices being pulled down and rebuilt, Mr. Punch with generously hospitable hand led his young men to their weekly dinner sumptuously spread in the best hosteleries in London. On May 31, 1899 (Derby Day), the company reassembled in new quarters in Bouverie Street, but still round 'the old Mahogany Tree' of which years ago Thackeray sang. On this special occasion marking a new start in an historic career every seat at the Table was occupied. All told, the company was fourteen, including three representing the proprietorial firm.

Besides the Table, on which are cut the names of *Punch* men as far back as Mark Lemon's time, some pictures and busts, a snuff-box, a water-jug, and a couple of goblets of Bohemian glass—out of which according to tradition no one ever saw anyone else take refreshment

—nothing remains of the *Punch* room in which forgathered Douglas Jerrold, Leech, Charles Keene, Tenniel, Mark Lemon, Shirley Brooks, Thackeray, and Albert Smith. On this particular night there remained of this group only John Tenniel, still hale and merry-hearted. After the staff settled in Bouverie Street the weekly dinners were held at No. 11, a building later appropriated for Post-Office purposes. It is at No. 10 Bouverie Street the second and third generation of *Punch* men dined together on successive Wednesdays through more than thirty years. The only variation of the custom beyond the long interval mentioned was the cheerful practice in summer-time of occasionally dining at a hostelry up the river, or driving four-in-hand to some old-fashioned country inn, outings which did not survive their founder and personal conductor, William Bradbury, who was never so happy as during these not infrequent joyances.

Mr. Punch's Jubilee was celebrated at the Sign of the Ship, Greenwich. William Bradbury's genius for hospitality rose to the occasion. He devised a banquet worthy of it. I preserved a copy of the bill-of-fare and here present it, not only as a record of what the old Ship could do when, encouraged by a blank cheque, it got up steam, but as useful for anyone desirous of entertaining a circle of friends at a quiet little dinner :

E. I. Madeira	Potages à la tortue claire et tortue liée
Ponche à la	gras verts au jus.
Romaine.	Aileron de tortue étuvée aux fines
	herbes.
Amontillado.	
	Carreletsouché ; Saumon de
	Severneouché ; whitebait.
	Rissoles de Homard. Christines
	à la Mantua.
Rüdesheimerberg	Boudins de Merlans à la Danoise.
Pontet Canet.	Anguilles étuvées à la Bordelaise.
	Truite grillée, sauce à la Tartare.
	Omelette de crabs au cordon bleu.
	Filet de sole à la crème au Parmesan.
	Côtelettes de saumon à l'Ecosaise
	à l'Orientale.
Sorbet à la	Whitebait à la Diable.
Française.	Kari de Crevettes au riz.
	Soufflé d'Ecrevisses glacé.

Irroy Carte d'Or,
vint. 1878,
and
Moët dry
Imperial
Champagnes.

Liqueurs.

1865
Brown Sherry,
Ch. Larose,
1870.
Port 1863.

Punch Bowl.

Filet de Volaille à l'écarlate.
Epaule d'agneau grillée et Haricots
Verts.

Canetons rôtis et petits pois verts.

Asperges en branches glacées.

Cailles rôties et salade à la
Française.

Bacon and beans.

Jambon grillé à la Diable et salade
de tomates.

Crème d'abricots. James d'honneur.
Meringues à la crème ; éclairs aux
chocolats.

Mille fruits glacés.

Pailles de fromage.

Glaces.

Crème d'Ananas. Eau de Cerises.
Crème aux fraises. Eau de Citron.

Fait boire.

Dessert.

Ananas, melons, pêches, nectarines,
fraises, raisins, conserves.

Fourteen different dishes of fish following in succession, each exquisitely cooked, was a unique procession even at Greenwich.

Later there was another jubilee, this time celebrating John Tenniel's half-century of service on the paper. It was marred by untoward circumstance. For regularity, not less than for length of period, Tenniel's attendance at the weekly dinner beat the record. As he never took a holiday and, in spite of his fourscore years at the time achieved, was rarely indisposed, his presence at the Table was regarded as a matter of course. With that expectation, his colleagues fixed the dinner on the night of December 7, 1900,

as the occasion for presenting him with some token of their affectionate regard. The project was kept secret, guarded especially from the ears of one for whom was intended a genial surprise. A full muster of the staff was arranged, Linley Sambourne, on a visit to Scotland, travelling all day to be in attendance, returning northward by the night mail.

When the company gathered round the Table there was one empty chair—that associated with the cheerful presence of the great cartoonist. For once in a score of years Tenniel was not well enough to join the weekly dinner. It was nothing serious, merely a chill. Doubtless if he had known what was to the fore he would have muffled himself up and driven down to Bouverie Street.

As it was, he, all unconscious, kept his room, where in the course of the evening he received mysterious intimation that a deputation was about to wait upon him. These were the representatives of his colleagues at the Table carrying with them a message of ever-increasing regard. Also they conveyed a handsome tobacco-box in solid silver, wrought from a design by the artistic pen of Linley Sambourne. A brief inscription recorded the event of fifty years' service. On the four square sides of the box were engraved in facsimile the signatures of the *Punch* staff.

An historic *Punch* dinner, not held in Bouverie Street, took place on a night in June 1901. It was designed to bid farewell to Tenniel on finally laying down the pencil that for half a century had delighted mankind. There has not often been found together under one roof such distinguished company as gathered to do him honour. Literature, Science, Politics, Art, and the Drama was each represented by its foremost men. Lord Rosebery was one of the few leading statesmen missing from the galaxy. This abstention, consequent on the recent death of his mother, was the more notable since the banquet was one of his happy thoughts. Mr. Chamberlain was precluded by engagement elsewhere from carrying out his intention of being present. The Speaker (Mr. Gully), whose name appeared in the list of the organising committee, had a home dinner-party. All Tenniel's colleagues on the staff of *Punch* were present, some presiding at the tables set at right-angles with that at which Mr. Arthur Balfour, the chairman, sat. Few present knew that, as far as the number of tables went, the vice-chairmen sat to the left and right of the editor in the order taken at the regular Wednesday dinner. There being only seven of these tables, the other three members completing Mr. Punch's team sat at the other end of one of them.

Mr. Balfour was in his element, and delivered a charming, sympathetic speech. His salute of the guest of the evening, 'a great artist and a great gentleman,' was rapturously cheered. It was felt that he had said everything in a sentence. Familiar with his oratorical manner elsewhere, I fancy he had not prepared his phrases in advance. Possibly he had thought over the main lines of his speech—certainly the first half of it was delivered in that slow, hesitating manner peculiar to him when unexpectedly called upon in the House of Commons to make an important statement. A unique distinction about the dinner was that all the speeches were at the highest level. At ordinary festivities, one, or at most two, stars shine in the post-prandial firmament, wide spaces filled up by mediocrity. Mr. Balfour, Mr. Choate (the American Minister), and Augustine Birrell were each at his best. Even the Duke of Devonshire, proposing the Chairman's health, brightened up and told an interesting story about Gladstone bringing the current week's copy of *Punch* into the Cabinet Council and laughing over the cartoon.

The chief success of a brilliant night was the speech Tenniel didn't make. 'A speech that makes one in love with silence,' was Mr. Birrell's happy description of the episode. It was a pathetic scene whilst the veteran stood before the silent audience vainly endeavouring to recall the oration he had spent nearly two months in composing and committing to memory. There was nothing painful about it. There was, indeed, a prevalent feeling that nothing could have been better. As an artistic touch it was the highest development, more effective even than a speech marked by the point of Mr. Birrell and delivered with the fluency of the American Minister.

The breakdown was not unexpected by Tenniel's comrades. They remembered how something nearly approaching it happened when he sat for the last time at the table where he had been a colleague of Thackeray's. Acknowledging presentation of a farewell souvenir of fifty years' association with Mr. Punch, some moments elapsed before he could command his voice and recall the drift of his speech. Being at home among old friends, he finally succeeded, and spoke some touching words. Nevertheless greater was the triumph of 'the speech that makes one in love with silence.'

At the *Punch* Table on August 5, 1903, whilst the staff gathered for the weekly dinner, came news of the death of Phil May. It was not a surprise, since his condition had for more than a month

been hopeless. Nor was it a regret that the inevitable end had closed over a worn-out body. But there was poignant sorrow at this premature cutting-off of a life precious to art. Like Lycidas, Phil May was 'dead ere his prime.' Only a few weeks earlier he spent his thirty-ninth birthday. In happier circumstances of bodily health he might fairly have counted upon at least twenty years of splendid work. A Bohemian by instinct and habit, he had not the physical stamina to enable him to sustain the vagaries of Bohemian life.

Generous to a fault, he was the daily prey of a large class of hangers-on at Fleet Street bars and late-night clubs. Anybody could get anything out of him by asking, and there were many who were not restrained by conscience in the matter. He was the sort of man who would think nothing of giving his coat to a stranger on a cold night and walking home in his shirt-sleeves. His work commanded exceptional price. At one time, not long before the end came, his income was little less than that of the head of a State Department. He welcomed it as being all the more to spend. He has been known to give a newspaper-boy half a sovereign for an evening paper. Sovereigns and shillings being of equal account to him, and the divisions of a purse unknown, a cabman was as likely as not to get gold for silver at the end of a half-mile drive.

His generosity extended to lavish scattering of his original drawings. A short time after he joined the *Punch* staff, it became a point of etiquette not to praise his contribution to the current number. 'Do you like it?' he would say. 'Give it you.' The next morning would arrive the original drawing. Readers of *Punch* not personally acquainted with the artist have frequently entertained him unawares. He was fond of drawing his own portrait, not always in flattering circumstances. One of his most wonderful sketches addressed to me on an envelope, a little thing tossed off in a moment of inspiration with a few strokes of the pen, presents the outline of his head as marked by the forefront of his hair. The lines of the face are not drawn by a single touch. Exactly at the spot where the big cigar was ever in his mouth, there it was stuck. Instantly those familiar with the face saw it with its grizzly humorous smile.

It was sad, but not surprising, to learn that, after the custom of the kingdom of Bohemia, Phil May died practically penniless. He did not seem to have left behind him many of the original sketches of his regular contributions to magazines and books. Had they been

available they would have brought high prices. Death having nipped his subtle fingers and finally closed his sketch-book, he was with increased enthusiasm recognised as a prince among black-and-white artists. But he gave away the originals of his precious sketches, as he was ready to give away any of his possessions, to the first beggar he chanced to meet. Amongst his genial customs, observed up to within a couple of years of his death, was to keep open house on Sunday night. There were drinks and smokes for any friends, or even mere acquaintances, who liked to look in; and many of them did. If only these and others to whom this too open-handed man gave or lent money or money's worth had returned a tithe of it, the effort, cheerfully undertaken by some of Phil's old colleagues in Bouverie Street, to make permanent provision for the widow would have been liberally assisted.

A flood of light is thrown on Phil May's constitutional habits by a cynical remark of an old friend present at the funeral.

'Phil,' he said, 'with all his faults was too good a fellow to go anywhere but to heaven. All the same, it'll be a bitter disappointment to the other place. The first thing he would have done on arrival would have been to stand drinks all round. And you know they sorely need the refreshment.'

At the opening of the last year of the Boer War an interesting relic testifying to the universality of *Punch* reached the office in Bouverie Street. It was a leaf from the number dated August 17, 1867, on which was printed the cartoon of the day. It was enclosed in a letter from a corporal who stated that he picked it up in the Boer trenches after the battle of Colenso. At the date of publication Parliament was on the eve of prorogation, having, under Lord Derby's administration, passed a Reform Bill involving the principle of household suffrage. In Tenniel's cartoon of this far-off date, Disraeli, looking wonderfully young, is represented standing by a file of his colleagues in the Cabinet on bended knees, with hands uplifted. The legend, taken from 'The Critic,' runs as follows:

'*Puff (Disraeli)*: Now pray all together.
All (kneeling): Behold thy votaries submissive beg
 That thou wilt deign to grant them all they ask,
 Assist them to accomplish all their ends,
 And sanctify whatever means they use
 To gain them.'

The gallant corporal, sharing the common impression that anyone

can edit a newspaper, command the Channel Fleet, or design a cartoon for *Punch*, suggested that the scene and the quotation might be reproduced, Kruger taking the place of Disraeli as Puff.

There were difficulties in the way of adopting the proposal. But the find, and the scene that leaps to the eye of some homely Boer in the trenches, waiting for a shot at the Rooinek, whiling away the tedium by studying a back number of *Punch*, are curious and interesting. Among the spoils brought home by Howard Vincent on his return from the Front was a fat leather-bound, weather-stained Bible printed in the Dutch language, picked up in the camp where Cronje stood at bay at Paardeberg. That was natural enough. A thirty-three-year-old number of *Punch* taken out to the battle-field is quite another thing.

CHAPTER IX.

FROM MY DIARY.

May 30, 1892.—New York, more ready than Birmingham or Rochdale, is determined to have a statue of John Bright. A committee has been formed, and steps are in progress for carrying out the work. John Bright was nearer the American heart than any Englishman, with the exception of Gladstone. On the first Sunday after the announcement of his death, sermons were preached in most of the American churches. I have seen a report of one delivered in the Church of the Messiah, New York, by the Rev. John Collier, who chose for his text, 'There was a man sent from God whose name was John.'

This literal application of a text reminds me of a delightful story told at our dinner-table by Dr. Boyd Carpenter, not yet retired from the Bishopric of Ripon. Having accepted an invitation to preach before a congregation of journalists holding an annual meeting at York, he looked about for a suitable text. He found it in the eighth chapter of St. Luke, describing Christ's preaching through cities and villages and the density of the crowd that followed him. In verse nineteen it is written: 'And there came to him his mother and his brethren and they could not come at him for the press.'

This hint at the pertinacity of the Press always flocking to the front when anything is going on, was tempting. On consideration the Bishop let the opportunity pass.

June 10, 1892.—To one of the magazines of the current month I contributed an article describing, 'How Gordon went to Khartoum.' I wrote :

'A member of Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet from 1880 to 1885, who from the Front Opposition Bench listened to Sir Charles Dilke's speech against the Soudan movement, heard it with amazement. He knew that Dilke was largely responsible for sending Gordon to Khartoum.'

Sir Charles Dilke writes to me, declaring this story to be 'entirely without foundation.'

He continues :

'Putting together two statements made by Lord Granville in the House of Lords and the dispatches laid before Parliament, we find that on the 16th January, 1884, Sir Evelyn Baring's request for a British officer to be sent to conduct the retreat from Khartoum was considered. On the 18th January a meeting of members of the Cabinet took place at the War Office which decided that Colonel Gordon should go, not to Khartoum but, to Suakim to consult the friendly Sheiks, and to report upon the means of bringing about the evacuation of the Soudan. From Lord Granville's statement in the House of Lords we find that he had previously heard Colonel Gordon was willing, but apparently had only heard this about the time that Sir Evelyn Baring telegraphed for a British officer to be sent. The Cabinet approved the action taken by the Committee at the War Office. It appears from dispatches laid before Parliament that the alteration by Colonel Gordon of his journey from Suakim to Cairo was approved by the Cabinet under circumstances which Colonel Gordon's telegrams described; also that when Colonel Gordon saw Sir Evelyn Baring at Cairo, they revived the proposal of the latter for sending an officer—that is, Colonel Gordon himself—to Khartoum to personally conduct the evacuation.'

In his 'Life of Gladstone' Lord Morley gives an account of what passed at this fateful meeting.

'On January 18, 1884,' he writes, 'Lord Hartington, then Secretary of State for War, Lord Northbrook and Sir Charles Dilke met at the War Office in Pall Mall. The summons was sudden. Lord Wolseley brought Gordon and left him in the ante-room. After a conversation with the Ministers he came out and said to Gordon, "Government are determined to evacuate the Soudan. Will you go and do it?" I said "Yes." He said: "Go in." I went

in and saw them. "Did Wolseley tell you our orders?" I said "Yes," and it was over and I left at 8 P.M. for Calais.'

This is a little mixed in the matter of personal pronouns. The report of the conversation between Wolseley and Gordon is taken from the published letters from the latter to a friend. What is important to the present purpose is the fact that Dilke's responsibility for sending Gordon to Khartoum, described by his colleagues as 'large,' was shared by two other Cabinet Ministers, a circumstance that reduces it to mathematical proportions.

Four days later, at a full Cabinet meeting over which Mr. Gladstone presided, the decision was approved. As Lord Morley points out, there was hardly choice in the matter, for by that time Gordon was already at Brindisi.

June 16, 1892.—Arthur Balfour's undoubted success as Leader of the House of Commons dissipated any fluttering hopes that may at this crisis have filled the bosom of Randolph Churchill. Had he failed Lord Randolph might have made his own terms with his party, more especially in view of the imminence of their being relegated to the Opposition benches. There was a time when it seemed as if this contingency were about to take place. For some weeks at the beginning of last session, the first of his Leadership, Arthur Balfour disappointed expectation. He began by treating the House of Commons as if it were composed entirely of Irish members. Friction naturally followed, and even the Conservatives fell away from their allegiance in pained surprise. Balfour, whose interposition in debate as Chief Secretary had ever been the signal for enthusiastic cheering, now stood at the Table amid chilling silence as he answered some question addressed to him in his capacity as Leader of the House. On more than one occasion the Government narrowly escaped defeat in the division Lobby. Once their majority on a critical division was brought down to four.

Some men would have gone under before the growing tide of ill-luck that at the outset pressed against the young leader. It was characteristic of Balfour that instead of promising amendment he turned and rated his own side, plainly intimating his determination to leave them to shift for themselves unless he were spared the humiliation of these reduced majorities. This message, delivered at the end of a troublous week, had an effect which reacted upon himself. Candid friends in the Press, writing in quarters usually

favourable to the Ministry, told him the truth about his faults of manner. He made no other sign of acknowledgment except to mend them. This he did effectually, and, warming under the returning enthusiasm to his followers, quietly settled down in his seat and rode without fall or even stumble.

June 28, 1892.—From Mr. Speaker Peel.

‘House of Commons, June 27, 1892.

‘DEAR MR. LUCY,—I have just seen a copy of the Cross-Bench article in the *Observer* of the 26th. It would perhaps be scarcely fitting that I should thank you for the expression of a favourable criticism on my public conduct. For such criticism might well be favourable at one time and adverse at another, as the circumstance might warrant.

‘But feeling the value of your criticism and being, therefore, naturally pleased that it should be of the approving sort, what I do wish to thank you for at the close of a Parliament is much personal kindness which I have received from you during many years, and not only kindness, but real sympathy, when I stood much in need of it. I beg to remain, very truly yours,

‘ARTHUR W. PEEL.’

The reference in the last sentence is to the death of Mrs. Peel.

July 2, 1892.—The social lion of the week is M. von Blowitz, whom Paris has spared to us for awhile. As all the world knows, he is the friend, companion, and confidant of princes, kings, emperors, chancellors, and the Pope. Incidentally he is Paris correspondent for *The Times*. Apart from his undoubted journalistic genius he is a very remarkable man. In height he is, I should say, fully five feet, and in diameter some three feet ten inches—figures that do not lend themselves to symmetry. In truth he approaches the grotesque in appearance. So remarkable is his fascination that with a bevy of ladies the handsomest man in London has no chance with him. Looking at him in a drawing-room, sitting on a sofa, his feet well off the ground, surrounded by fair and famous women, one thinks of John Wilkes’s boast that, with a quarter of an hour’s start he would not fear the competition of any man in the race for beauty’s favour. So superior are M. Blowitz’s natural advantages that five minutes’ start would be enough for him.

He has learned English lately and talks it with fluency, if not always with precision. There is a charming story told of his

greeting to his host and hostess when he visited Bearwood on his arrival in England at the end of last week.

'And are you well off, Mr. Walter?' he asked, anxious for the state of his host's health. 'Ah, and there is Madame. She is well off too, I can see.'

M. Blowitz returned to Paris this morning a little done up after his brief visit. He was much run after, and the weather happening to be close and thunderous his course of daily life did not agree with him. Long habituated to Parisian social habits, he did not take kindly to the variety presented by life in London. At home he was accustomed to his early coffee, with the simple roll and butter, his *déjeuner* at eleven o'clock, his dinner at seven. Between these hours lay long intervals for work or leisure. In London he found himself set down at nine o'clock to a breakfast of many courses; at half-past one, or two, a luncheon of the massivity of the German midday meal, which they at least call dinner; at eight (which often meant half-past) a dinner that lasted through an hour and a-half; finally a tussle round a supper-table at some crowded *salon*. He found these habits murdered sleep as effectively as did Macbeth.

One afternoon midway in his stay he went to the House of Commons, and being seated in the distinguished strangers' gallery, peacefully rested his chin on the rail and went to sleep. It was small blame to him, for these last days of Parliament have been dolefully dull. His position was a little prominent, and the friend and counsellor of emperors and chancellors was furiously vexed with himself for yielding to the weakness. One of the evening papers had a sketch of him taken *in flagrante delicto*, which did not serve to soothe his irritability.

Meeting him at dinner at Philip Stanhope's I had the opportunity of a long, quiet talk with the great man, and gained a most favourable impression. *Tête-à-tête* with a brother journalist he was absolutely unaffected in his manner, charmingly simple in his conversation. Now and then, when speaking of eminent persons, there flashed into his speech the brilliant light of epigram. As far as his work for *The Times* is concerned he is inclined to rest on his many laurels. He is, he pathetically says, growing too old now to make fresh acquaintances or undertake new conquests. Moreover, all his early associates are dead or have withdrawn from the scene. A man who has had to do with Gambetta and Bismarck cannot be expected to condescend to Carnot, an estimable, common-

place bourgeois whom, *faute de mieux*, France has accepted as her President.

M. Blowitz reflects complacently on his contest with Boulanger. He never accepted him, and does not hide his conviction that that may have had something to do with *le brav' général* failing to reach his highest aim. He complacently tells what powerful and persistent efforts were made to bring him and Boulanger together. After long effort they succeeded, and he met at breakfast the man who at that time was the foremost and most feared person in France. M. Blowitz's twinkling little eyes saw through the sham. He found there was nothing in the showy soldier, and said so with brutal frankness in a dispatch which appeared in *The Times* of the following morning. Boulanger read it, and wrote a pitiful epistle expressing his surprise that after spending so pleasant a morning with him, Blowitz should sit down to write a bitter attack on his host.

'I have got that letter yet,' M. Blowitz said.

Probably some day it will see the light with other records of the life of this curious phenomenon in modern journalism.

(To be continued.)

SPRAGGE'S CANYON.¹

BY HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL.

CHAPTER V.

SURF-FISHING.

I.

HAZEL ate breakfast alone upon the front porch. Samantha waited upon her. The cloth was of coarse texture, spotlessly white; the coffee had not come from Mocha or Java, but it had been freshly browned and ground that morning. The trout was cooked to perfection. The thick yellow cream, the honey, the crimson berries, and the rose laid by her plate were oblations appealing irresistibly to the mind rather than the senses.

'I could have breakfasted with you,' said Hazel.

'Oh, no.'

'Why not?'

Samantha stood still, looking down upon the visitor.

'You are different,' she said shortly.

'Different?' echoed Hazel.

'You love—frills.'

'But, don't you?'

Samantha considered this attentively, with Hazel's eyes focussed upon her placid face. In the strong morning light, the smoothness of Samantha's skin, and its red and white clarity, became striking. The country girl looked astoundingly healthy and young—a big, fat, comely baby! Presently Samantha said slowly:

'I like frills, but I don't love 'em.'

Hazel laughed not quite mirthfully.

'Oh! You think, then, that I set an undue value on frills.'

'Mebbee.'

'You are wrong. I am tremendously interested in big things, which, of course, include small things. We both belong to a big State, and it's growing bigger every day. I like to think that in my small way I'm helping to biggen it.'

'As how?'

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The question was asked so simply that Hazel felt constrained to answer it, but she wondered whether Samantha was as artless as she appeared.

'A weak woman can't do very much, of course, but she can inspire the men. That is our appointed work, isn't it?'

'I dunno.'

'Well, the old notion that a woman is only fit to cook and sew and bear children is rather obsolete.'

'How's that?'

'Played out.'

'It ain't played out in these foothills.'

'In the sense you mean it isn't, but I'm speaking of the feminine mind, not the body. The feminine mind is coming gloriously into its own.'

'Is it?' murmured Samantha.

Hazel became more fluent, as the zeal of the propagandist seized her.

'It is being recognised and acclaimed by the men themselves, by all the advanced thinkers. The hand that rocks the cradle has always rocked the world, but men have been slow to admit as much. Behind all progress you will find a woman. In a real sense we are the guiding spirits of the world, whether for good or evil; and we are just beginning to measure our powers.'

For answer Samantha lifted her head and sniffed. A smell of something burning titillated her nostrils. At the same moment, Mrs. Spragge appeared in the doorway, unduly red in the face. She said sharply:

'Samantha, I tole you to watch that pan o' biscuit. It's burnt to a crisp.'

She disappeared, followed by Samantha. As the girl reached the door, she turned and said incisively:

'I reckon that some of us forget to rock the cradle when we're thinkin' o' rockin' the world.'

Hazel was rather impressed by this. Evidently Samantha possessed an elementary sense of humour. Then Hazel dismissed the incident from her mind, as she attacked her trout with appetite.

A sense of well-being pervaded mind and body, a restfulness which she hesitated to disturb. Her fancy hovered above these good, kind people, and for the moment a butterfly glimpse sufficed.

Inside the house, George was moving about his room. Presently he came out, and she heard the click of a turning key. Vaguely

she wondered why he locked the door of his room. When he appeared carrying two fishing-rods and other fishing-gear, she asked him :

‘ Why do you lock up your room ? ’

He laughed genially at her curiosity.

‘ Nobody goes into my room.’

‘ Nobody ? ’

‘ Except me. The women would want to fix things in shape to suit them. Besides——’

‘ Yes ? ’

‘ I hev other reasons.’ With a quick change of tone he went on : ‘ We’re a-going surf-fishing. Tide’s just right. Will you be ready in half an hour ? ’

‘ Why, yes.’

‘ I’m off to get some bait—mussels. Samantha will take you down the canyon. The rock from which we fish is just at the mouth of the creek where it joins the sea.’

He strode off, whistling.

Hazel finished her breakfast, hoping that Samantha would come back to talk to her. It occurred to her that the Spragges were not talkers. Instead, they did things. When she rose from the table, she could not help peering into George’s room. The one window looked upon the porch, but it was shut. Through dirty panes of glass Hazel could see the den of primal man. Here, evidently, he kept the weapons of the chase, and some of its trophies hung upon the walls. Upon the dusty floor were many boxes. The rude furnishings included a redwood table, a couple of chairs, and an old-fashioned bureau. In all there might have been half a dozen books, and many old newspapers. In a corner lay a heap of stones, samples of different ores. George had told her that there were gold and silver and copper in the foothills, but not in sufficient quantities to make mining worth while. He had spoken also of a richer deposit of bituminous rock, indicating the presence somewhere of oil. When she asked him if he had ever thought of developing these sources of wealth, George replied carelessly : ‘ It means puttin’ dollars into the ground, more’n you kin take out.’

Upon the rough table were jars and bottles and cages which might hold small birds and mice.

‘ A messy place,’ thought Hazel.

Half an hour later, Samantha and she took the path down the

canyon, following the curves of the stream till they reached the marshes, where the lively creek became a sluggish slough, bordered by *tules*, the reeds beloved by the mallard and teal. The duck flew over them, quacking loudly. Snipe rose at their feet. It was a paradise and sanctuary of wild birds.

They reached the low sand-dunes. Samantha picked up her canvas skirt and waded through the soft white sand, lifting her feet high at each step. Hazel trod in her tracks, but her shoes filled with sand. She marvelled at the freedom of Samantha's movements.

'There's George,' said Samantha.

From the top of the dune Hazel could see a fine expanse of wet sand reflecting the cloudless blue of the skies. A brilliant shifting, scintillating ribbon of white bordered this, where the great combers broke into foam. Beyond lay the ocean.

George stood upon a rock, waving his hand to the girls. His overalls were rolled up high above the knee, displaying a magnificent pair of legs. His great arms were bare also. Hazel thrilled as she looked at him. What a man he was! What a picture he made!

'I'll scoot home,' said Samantha.

She 'scooted' swiftly and silently, as if she were glad to go. Hazel walked towards George.

'Come on,' he shouted. 'No time to lose.'

She stood still, staring at the water between them.

'Take off your shoes and stockings. Hold up your skirts good and high!'

Hazel obeyed, blushing, and angry with herself because she blushed. George, with a delicacy which surprised her, turned his broad back to the land. In a couple of minutes she stood beside him.

'Shall I put on my shoes again?' she asked. 'My! These rocks are sharp!'

George stared at her small pink feet. From one little toe a tiny stream of blood was trickling.

'It's this way,' he explained. 'The tide's coming in. It's on the turn. The fish come with it. In half an hour it will be breaking over the rocks. That's when the fishing is real good. But the salt water will spoil your pretty shoes; and the shellfish will cut your pretty feet to bits. I'm the worst kind of a mug not to have thought o' that. Samantha, too. She ought to hev remembered.'

'I could slip on my stockings.'

"You'd be through 'em in two twos. No; I'll fix you. Sit right down.'

He spread his coat upon the smooth rock. Hazel sat down, beginning to enjoy the adventure, although her feet were sore. George opened a clasp-knife, and began to rip at the sleeve of his shirt.

'Whatever are you doing?'

'Rippin' off these sleeves.'

He did so deftly, leaving his arms bare to the shoulder. The great deltoid muscles fascinated Hazel; and the skin above them was as white and smooth as her own. George knelt down, and took one of her feet in his hand. She wondered whether he would attempt a compliment. She imagined what Wilbur would say. He might venture to squeeze so pretty a foot. George took no such liberties. He began to bind the flannel sleeve about her foot, securing it with whipcord. His head was at her knee. Once he looked up, smiling. The colour of the sea glowed in his eyes; the foam was no whiter than his teeth. But obviously he was engrossed with his task, and proud of his resource.

'Not a bad idee, eh?'

'Not at all,' said Hazel demurely. 'I can sew the sleeves on again.'

'Not much.'

She understood that they were to be preserved.

'Now,' said George, 'I'll take everything ashore that we don't want.' He seized his coat, stuffing her shoes and stockings into the pockets of it.

'Take off your jacket,' he commanded.

Hazel obeyed.

'Roll up your sleeves, and tie up your skirt with this bit o' cord. Then we'll get to work.'

He waded ashore and returned. Hazel's sun-bonnet hid a much-flushed face. She was certain that she presented an amazing and hardly decent appearance, but George expressed satisfaction.

'You look—bully!'

The fishing began. George instructed Hazel how to cast the bait into the surf. Suddenly she felt a tug—

'I've got one—I've got one!'

She was screaming with excitement.

'Hold up your pole; let him run! That's good. Now, wind in slowly.'

Fortunately, this first fish was well hooked, and the line held. Nevertheless, George was so terrified of losing it that he leapt into the surf nearly up to his waist. He emerged dripping with a glittering two-pounder. Had he proposed marriage then and there, Hazel would have accepted him. Mere thanks seemed fatuously inadequate. She wanted to kiss him.

'How heavenly!' she exclaimed, rapturously.

Soon the fun became even more exciting. Hazel had to land her own fish, George being fully occupied with a monster at the end of his line. The lines fouled, and both fish escaped. George swore freely.

'Mister Spragge . . . !'

'Gosh!' said George, crimson with confusion, 'I forgot. Awful break, too! I'm a liar if I could help it! Thought for the minute you was Samantha.'

Hazel said severely:

'Do you swear like that before Samantha?'

'Mother and she air used to it.'

'I should never get used to it.'

'That's quite right. When you're around I'll swear to myself, even if I bust.'

He bent down to disentangle the lines. Hazel's heart melted. Certainly he was the handsomest man she had ever seen. She murmured softly:

'Mr. Spragge?'

'You might call me George.'

'Well then—George. Won't you give up swearing, if I ask you?'

George shook his head.

'I'd jest love to oblige you, but I jest naturally couldn't. Cuss words make ranch life easy. I couldn't get through ploughin' without 'em. Samantha can swear some at our red cow. There's times when she won't let down her milk without it.'

Hazel burst out laughing.

II.

They caught a lot of surf-fish; and Hazel enjoyed herself mightily. The sun kissed her cheeks, tinting them with pink; the soft breezes curled the tendrils of hair which escaped from the

sun-bonnet; the salt spray from the combers made her eyes smart and then sparkle. She became wet to the skin, and didn't care, for the joy of living was intoxicating her. The lure of the wild, that elusive will-o'-the-wisp, shone upon land and sea. The gulls flying above her head seemed to be calling to her with beguiling invocation. They swooped closer and closer.

'Want to look at you,' said George.

'They're after our fish,' Hazel replied.

The fish lay in a big bucket. George covered them with wet kelp. When the bucket was nearly full, he said:

'Time to quit.'

Hazel looked landward, and uttered a sharp exclamation—

'I can't ever wade through that.'

She pointed a finger at the water between the rock and the beach.

'Oh, yes,' said George. 'You'll get a bit wet, but Samantha goes into the dunes, and dries her things on the wet sand.'

'I shall be knocked over by the waves.'

George said eagerly:

'I'll carry you.'

After some protest, Hazel resigned herself to his arms. He picked her up as if she were a baby, holding her breast-high, and waded into the water, deepest, of course, close to the rock. She lay passive, closing her eyes, enjoying this new experience.

He set her down gently, and laughed.

'Why didn't you put me down when the water grew more shallow?'

'Never thought o' that.'

He returned to the rock to fetch the fish and the gear. Hazel vanished into the dunes. When she reappeared, she had put on her shoes and stockings and her jacket. She looked neat and trim. And she had regained her self-possession. She felt able, on land, to cope with this strong, masterful man, and to subdue him after her own fashion, so different from his.

George was digging for clams. It had been arranged that Mrs. Spragge and Samantha should come down to the beach at noon, carrying with them a large stew-pan, and the wherewithal to make a chowder. George began to talk about clams.

'Clam beaches are gettin' worked out. Nobody knows that clams can be dug here at half tide. I peddle clams in August, when

the trippers from the interior come to the other beaches. They might camp here, if they knew what I know.'

'You don't want the trippers to come?'

'Not much!'

She smiled faintly.

'Don't you get tired of seeing the same faces day after day?'

'Nope! Do you think that I could ever get tired of seeing your face?'

Once more she became furious with herself, because she blushed.

III.

Mrs. Spragge compounded an admirable chowder; and some of the smaller clams were baked in kelp. Samantha made the coffee. Hazel watched the women attentively, noting their deftness over a camp-fire, and an ability to make simple objects serve their ends. She noticed, too, that George never offered to help. He lay upon his back on the warm sand, basking.

'You lazy thing!' said Hazel.

Mrs. Spragge said emphatically:

'My George ain't got a lazy bone in his body.'

'I was only joking, Mrs. Spragge.'

'He dug the clams.'

Hazel fancied that she spoke with meaning. George, she understood, would work hard at his job, that of universal provider, and his wife, when he married, must work as hard in the kitchen, at the wash-tub, and around the house. Such apportionment of labour was inevitable in the wilderness. The red man hunted, and his squaw cooked the venison. Mrs. Spragge, bending over the camp-fire, with the smoke curling about her brown face, reminded Hazel of a sturdy squaw; and George smacked of the Indian chief in repose, as he lay watching the women, a noble red man!

Hazel unpacked the bread and butter, and the crackers. There was nothing else for her to do. There were four basins. The chowder was ladled into these, and Mrs. Spragge said in a fervent tone:

'May the Lord make us truly thankful.'

'I am truly thankful,' said Hazel.

Then they ate in silence. And thus ended a memorable morning.

IV.

During the afternoon George was busy, leaving Hazel with the women. They took their sewing on to the front porch. Hazel could hear George moving about his den, and presently he came out carrying an empty gunny-sack, and a stick with a fork at the end of it.

'Where are you going?' asked Hazel.

'Into the chaparral,' he replied curtly.

'What for?'

He laughed, making no reply. Hazel looked cross, as he strode away, not even glancing back. Mrs. Spragge said slowly:

'He locates wild bees, and finds out the haunts of the deer. He's interested in George in all beasts and birds and, and—everything.'

Her deep, drawling tones, the voice of one at peace with her world, affected Hazel curiously. Once more she wondered whether she would grow like these two women, whether the wilderness would enslave her as it had enslaved them, whether she would hug, as they did, the chains which bound them to a life so tranquil, so purged of care and excitement and pain. She stole a furtive glance at Samantha, who was hemming a sheet. In Oakland, whenever women met together to sew, their tongues moved more swiftly than their needles. These two worked in silence. Hazel decided that Samantha was rather attractive, after all. Her graces, such as they were, lay beneath the surface. They manifested themselves shyly, peeping out unexpectedly. Her voice, for instance, was charming, with arresting inflections. Her movements, her rare gestures, were satisfying. Hazel had studied Delsartean methods. She had trained herself to hold a cup of tea, to pick up a book or a flower, to sink into a chair, or enter a room after a certain fashion considered by connoisseurs to be extremely elegant. Samantha's methods, in sharp contrast, were absolutely natural, distinguished by a directness of purpose wholly admirable because so obviously free from pose. It struck Hazel that Eve, in the Garden of Eden, must have moved as Samantha moved.

Then she felt a mischievous desire to stir up these placid creatures, to inject into the slow-moving current of their blood some of the restlessness and uncertainty which tingled in her.

'Is it always like this?' she asked softly.

Samantha waited for the elder woman to reply. Mrs. Spragge, chewing the cud of other reflections, looked up inquiringly.

'Like what, my dear?'

'Is it always summer?'

George's mother replied literally:

'Perfessor Bungard, who teaches school in Aguila, calclates that we hev about three hundred an' ten days outter the year like this.'

Hazel had to explain what she meant. Mrs. Spragge nodded, staring intently at her guest. Her voice, when she spoke, had a curious hardness, a defiance almost, as if she held her questioner in contempt.

'It ain't always like this. In the dry years I've seen the cattle and horses dead beside the dried-up creeks and springs; I've seen the dipthery rage through our county, and the children died like the cattle and horses—dropped in their tracks. Four of mine were taken. They lie on the top of the hill, just beyond the corral. I've seen men shot down. There was a gang o' train robbers who terrorised the hull State. The sheriff and his posse ran 'em to ground not three miles from this house. *They was wiped out.* Them as wan't shot was lynched that very night. The sheriff had 'em all in our barn. Judge Lynch held up the sheriff. The bandits were taken out at midnight, taken to the bridge over which you passed to-day. There were three grown men and a boy o' seventeen. And a rope for each. They stood in a row in the moonlight with the nooses around their necks, and the drop into the creek below. They didn't whine any. They was up against it, and they knew it, but the three men swore that the boy was innercent . . . !'

Mrs. Spragge paused. Her massive face seemed to have grown harder, like her voice. Hazel exclaimed eagerly:

'They let the boy go?'

'No; he was the son o' the ringleader, the worst o' the gang. They pushed him off the bridge first.'

'Oh!'

'They was right to wipe out the hull brood.'

'Were you there?' asked Hazel breathlessly. George's mother had spoken with convincing simplicity, the simplicity of the eye-witness.

'I was not thar. Lynching is men's work. My husband was thar, and next day I saw the four bodies hangin' from the bridge. They was cut down and brought here.'

'Here?'

'To this very porch. The boy lay jest where you're a-sittin'.'

Hazel shuddered. A vague fear possessed her. Mrs. Spragge and Samantha remained placid.

'How awful!'

'Wal, it's summer the most o' the time, but not always, not always.'

She went on with her sewing.

V.

George came back from the chaparral in time to do chores before supper. He passed Hazel with a genial word of greeting:

'Made out all right?'

'Oh, yes. And you?'

'Fair to middlin'.'

'What have you got in that sack?'

He laughed derisively:

'Gee! We're a mite curious, ain't we?'

'Not at all.'

'Pardon! I thought you was. I've got bread and butter in this gunny-sack. It don't run to more'n that.'

He disappeared, whistling, into his den, slamming the door behind him. Presently he came out, still whistling, and went to the barn. Hazel rose to her feet, glancing furtively about her. Mrs. Spragge was in the kitchen; Samantha was milking. A blue jay, with its head on one side, eyed Hazel. When she moved towards the front door, the bird screamed and flew away.

'What an ugly, discordant note!' reflected Hazel.

This reflection became more acute as she crossed the threshold of the house. The beauty of the jay's plumage had captivated her eyes, the harsh scream offended her ears. She connected it with the story of the lynching. She could see quite plainly the wooden bridge, the white dunes, the grey-green hill to the left, and the mighty ocean to the right. That morning she had thought the scene idyllic; now, as the shadows were lengthening across the landscape, she could see four figures dangling above the babbling, bubbling creek, and four dead bodies—three grown men and a boy!—laid out upon the floor of the porch.

Entering the house, Hazel glanced at the kitchen door. It was shut. Sounds of sizzling fat indicated Mrs. Spragge to be at

work with her favourite tool—a frying-pan. Hazel hesitated. The key of George's room remained in the lock. Hazel touched the handle of the door, grasped it, and silently turned it. The door opened. Upon the floor, near the table, was a green box. It was not unlike the Wells Fargo boxes which are used to hold gold and other valuables. Was George engaged in some illicit calling? She had a startling vision of him, pistol in hand and masked, holding up some stage-coach.

And then, suddenly, curiosity assailed a sense other than that of sight. Hazel smelt a pungent, offensive odour, an acrid, musty stench, not quite unfamiliar, but one that defied classification. She closed the door, and ran upstairs to her own room, so as to escape swiftly from this pervasive, indescribable smell. None the less, safe in her room, she regretted this premature haste, for surely, after George's rudeness in evading her questions, she would have been justified in making a more exhaustive examination of the green box. Why did George have secrets from the girl he liked, from the girl he—*loved*? When he picked her up, crushing her against his great chest, she had read love in his blue eyes; and she had felt his heart throbbing fiercely for her. The realisation of this passion was thrilling. And now curiosity produced other thrills, almost as exciting.

What was in the green box?

CHAPTER VI.

LOST.

I.

NEXT morning, George and Hazel rode into the hills to the north of Spragge's Canyon, the wildest part of the ranch, and bordering even wilder country, so wild as to be disdained by the ubiquitous squatter. George rode his own saddle-horse, a finely bred sorrel, which he loved as only vaqueros learn to love their horses. The 'single-footer' hired from the Aguila livery-stable for the young lady happened to be an ancient and well-mannered quadruped; but it inspired valiantly suppressed qualms in Hazel. George lifted her into the side-saddle, and adjusted the stirrup. Samantha was looking on.

'He's quiet?' asked Hazel.

'Quiet as Mary's little lamb. Go to sleep on him, if ye've a mind to.'

Hazel watched her cavalier mount after the fashion popular in a cow-county. The moment his foot touched the stirrup the sorrel bounded forward. George swung easily into the saddle. The sorrel bucked playfully. A pretty display of horsemanship followed. George raced off, heading apparently straight for the barn. He reined in his horse within a foot of the wall, turned on a sixpence, raced back towards Hazel, and pulled up laughing.

'Oh!' exclaimed Hazel.

Samantha said scornfully: 'That's nothing. George,' she addressed her cousin, 'pick up my handkerchief!'

She threw her handkerchief down, and stepped aside. George hesitated, looking at Hazel, unwilling to 'swank' without some encouragement. Hazel smiled at him, with sparkling eyes.

'Please!'

He rode towards the corral, turned, and urged the sorrel to top speed. As horse and man approached the handkerchief, the man seemed to shoot headlong out of the saddle. Hazel shut her eyes. When she opened them, George was upright in the saddle, waving the handkerchief. With mock courtesy, imitating the formal manners of the departed Aguilas, he presented the handkerchief to Samantha. George touched the sorrel with his spur. The gallant animal raced at the corral, stopped short, turned, and raced back again. Going and returning George leapt to the ground and then vaulted back into the saddle. Hazel was greatly thrilled with these feats.

'Let's hit the trail,' said George.

They walked their horses uphill, till they came to the tiny cemetery. George drew rein, turning sideways in his saddle, gazing down at the graves—brown mounds of earth.

'Father's there,' said George; 'three little sisters and a brother.'

'Your mother told me about the diphtheria—all four children taken at once!'

'Yes; mighty tough on mother. She jest loves children. I reckon that's women's nature.'

'Not invariably,' replied Hazel quietly.

'What you say?'

He spoke sharply, with a keen glance into her eyes. Hazel hastened to add:

'I mean that there are women to whom children do not appeal.'

George exclaimed scornfully :

'Then they ain't women.'

Hazel made no reply. In her heart she was sensible that children, as a source of interest and entertainment, did not appeal very particularly to Miss Hazel Goodrich. Also, she was well aware of the pains and penalties which motherhood might exact, especially in a new and wild country. Habitually she turned her mind from disagreeable eventualities which might concern herself, although she was willing enough to consider them abstractly in relation to others. She recalled a certain evening in Oakland, when a few bright spirits had discussed a given theme : 'Maternal Instincts.' The subject had been debated cleverly, with a delicacy and even humour essentially American, but at the end it was more or less agreed that the difficulty of adjusting and reconciling the conflicting claims of motherhood and wifehood was very great, although the task could not be reckoned as unachievable by Western women. Some of Hazel's married friends gave their first consideration to their children, going so far as to abandon husbands in the laudable effort to educate the dear little ones in the East or abroad. At the time Hazel had asked herself what she would do if such sacrifices were exacted from her ; and she had left the question unanswered, shrinking with maidenly sensibility from the tremendous issues involved.

She heard George affirming :

'I'll bet you love babies.'

'Of course I do.'

The simple answer satisfied him. She could read his thoughts, as he stared pensively at the little graves. Then, fearing that he might propose marriage, hearing the quaint formula : 'Will my bones lie with your bones ?' she said gently : 'This is such a sad spot. And it's a heavenly morning. Shall we ride on ?'

George nodded, leading the way into the brush, along a narrow path bordered by manzanita and wild lilac. The path wound up and up to a small summit, whence a fine view of the ranch revealed itself. George stood still, staring into the blue, shading his eyes with a broad hand.

'What are you looking at ?' asked Hazel.

He replied grimly :

'Turkey buzzards. One o' my colts is cast in a gulch, or a calf

is dying. They know. They're always on hand. Say—we must find out what's wrong—hunt out the trouble. I hate to spoil our ride, but mebbe there's life to be saved.'

Hazel replied amiably :

'I shall love to help. My eyesight is fine.'

She peered down into the canyon, seamed with gulches washed out of the hills by terrific rains. But George kept his eyes upon the buzzards. He could see three of them.

'The trouble's over thar.'

He pointed to a rocky gorge about half a mile distant.

'Will you wait here?' he asked.

'Can't I come with you?'

'Twill be rough travellin'.

Something in his glance arrested her attention. Was he sizing her up as a fair-weather companion, seeking pleasure along the lines of least resistance?

'I want to go with you.'

'Good!'

He plunged into thicker brush. Hazel followed. The tough manzanita boughs whipped her cheeks; her horse stumbled and slid down the steep descent; the heat was tremendous.

'How lovely!' she exclaimed, as they came out of the brush into an enchanting glade.

A great live oak spread immense branches over some turf still green. A spring gushed out of the hill, and flowed into and over some troughs. Below was a tiny meadow in which cattle were grazing. White oaks, sycamores, and cotton-trees stood out against the sage-green background of the hills. A buck bounded into the chaparral.

'Fat venison,' said George.

'Oh! I should love to taste venison.'

'You shall.'

He crossed the glade, followed by Hazel. She would have liked to rest by the spring, but she perceived that George was eager to push on. He said frowningly :

'The beast is nearly dead. There are five buzzards now.'

'Hateful birds!'

'That's all right. They save us the job of buryin' the carcasses.'

They traversed more brush, plunged down other slopes, and finally emerged at the bottom of the gorge, an ancient river-bed, arid now, save for the prickly-pear-cactus, and strewn with huge

boulders. A geologist would have found evidence of a Titanic struggle between earth and fire and water.

'Damn!' said George savagely.

Close against a rock, still standing, but apparently in the throes of dissolution, leaned a colt. For the moment Hazel did not recognise it as such, for the animal's head was swollen to a monstrous size. It looked like a pony with the head of a hippopotamus.

'What ails it?' asked Hazel.

'Snake-bite. Hold my horse!'

He slid from the saddle and approached the colt, speaking to it in a soft caressing voice. The poor animal made no attempt to move. George patted its neck, passed his hand along the quivering flanks. Then he came back to Hazel.

'It's been bitten by a rattlesnake. I may save it, but 'twill be nip and tuck. You get off!'

She slid into his arms. He hitched both horses, and took from the horn of his saddle a *riata*.

'Sit in the shade o' that rock,' he commanded.

Hazel obeyed, thanking God she was not a man. As she moved, she glanced timorously from right to left, expecting to see rattlesnakes coiled and poised for the deadly stroke. Then she sat down and watched George.

He tied up the colt and threw it, explaining afterwards that a horse is the most foolish and ungrateful of all animals, ready to savage the man who succours it, seemingly unable to distinguish between friend and foe.

Then he pulled out a big knife, opened it, and tried the edge upon his thumb. Hazel thought: 'He is going to kill the poor creature.' She wished to turn her eyes from that monstrous head, but couldn't. George examined the nose and lip, seeking for the puncture. Then he cut and slashed. Hazel turned aside her eyes, knowing that the sight of blood would make her sick. And well it might! For the blood was almost black, and flowed slowly. When it began to flow more freely, George gave a grunt of satisfaction. He said to Hazel:

'I must make a bee-line for home.'

'Whatever for?'

'We've stuff handy. There's an antidote to the pizon which grows on these hills, and I've used it again and again. Nine times out o' ten the colts and calves recover. You stay here.'

'Here? Amongst the snakes?'

'Pshaw! You won't see any. I'm taking a shorter trail.'

Before she could put into words the protest forming upon her lips, he had leapt on his horse, and was out of sight. Hazel was furious with him. Who was George Spragge to issue his commands to Hazel Goodrich? How dared he ride away and leave her in this serpent-infested spot! How dared he?

She glanced about her, shudderingly, certain that a rattlesnake lurked behind every stone, and in every bush. Moreover, it was horribly hot. The sun poured vertical rays into a gorge sheltered from every breeze. The rocks refracted the heat. Through her thin shoes she could feel them baking hot beneath her feet. She thought of the glade above, and wondered whether she could reach it. She had never mounted a horse unaided.

Could she do it?

She decided to try. George must be taught a valuable lesson. Let him return to his precious colt to find her gone.

She approached her aged steed. As she did so, she looked up, and beheld the buzzards sailing through the blue. Horrible scavengers! If anything happened to her in this hateful place——! She dared not pursue the thought.

A sharp, strange noise made her start. It happened to be a locust, but she told herself it was the warning signal of *crotalus horridus*. Also, it was quite impossible to 'locate' the weird sound. She stood still, trembling. Never, in her short life, had she felt so helpless. A second locust answered the first, and then a third. Yes; the gorge was alive with reptiles. Then the first locust rose on whirring wing, and she was quick-witted enough to understand that she had been frightened nearly out of her senses by a miserable insect.

She smiled acidly. George would have to pay in full for these tremors.

II.

She unhitched her horse, led him to a rock, and managed to mount him after several attempts. Once in the saddle, she regained self-possession. To her satisfaction the animal seemed to understand her wishes. The sagacious beast, no doubt, was thinking of the glade above and the water-troughs beneath the shade of the huge ilex. He picked his way past a boulder whose shape she recognised. Hazel patted his neck, murmuring:

' Good horse ! You don't want to stay here, do you ? '

They moved slowly up the gorge till they came to a rough trail striking into the brush. Hazel made sure that this track led to the glade, but her horse seemed unwilling to leave the gorge. Hazel, with the conceit of the city-bred damsel, chose the track. The horse protested, but submitted. Hazel looked down, seeking for hoof-marks, but the ground was hard and rocky. She pushed on and up, quite sure that she was following the right path.

Unhappily, she wasn't.

The brush grew thicker, more impenetrable. Finally, the track, a mere thread in the wilderness, plunged downward into a steep gulch. Hazel dared not go on. She drew rein. The horse stopped obediently, and took a mouthful of bunch-grass.

Obviously, they must return to the gorge and begin again. But, retracing their steps, maid and beast encountered two tracks. Once again arose a difference of opinion ; once again the girl's conceit triumphed over the instinct of the animal. Other tracks and cross-tracks, paths made by cattle and deer, intersected each other. By this time Hazel was reckless. She told herself, with the fatuity of ignorance, that all paths sooner or later lead to roads of civilisation.

At the end of an hour she knew that she was undone. Of course George would find her, but for the moment she was lost in the wildest part of a wild cow-county ! She realised, also, that she was saddle-weary, intensely thirsty, and suffering from a sun headache. She appeared to be derelict upon an ocean of sea-green chaparral, whose odours grew oppressively pungent.

She shed a few tears.

This was just after a great wild cat had bounded across the track. She remembered that George had spoken of mountain lions still to be found in this remote corner of the State.

Tearfully she addressed her horse :

' You go right home, dear. I'll leave it to you.'

She let the reins lie upon his neck, and encouraged him to quicken his pace. The animal seemed to understand, for he began to move more quickly, but with an entire disregard for his rider, who, more than once, was almost swept from the saddle.

Presently they came to another gorge. The horse plunged down it. Hazel shut both eyes. She felt that she was sliding, slipping, scrambling into a bottomless pit. Instinctively she pulled the right rein with such violence that the horse swerved, crossed his forelegs, and fell. Hazel was thrown clear. Giddy

and badly bruised, she staggered to her feet to behold her faithful friend trotting composedly out of sight.

She shouted for George, calling him by name. And she heard an answering shout, the nymph Echo mocking another nymph. Out of the hills floated her own voice, dying away to an attenuated whisper. She shouted again and again till her voice became feeble. There was a long silence. She sat still, huddled up, clasping her knees, listening intently. Then the silence was broken by unfamiliar sounds. The wilderness spoke to her in its own language, unintelligible to a dweller in cities. Strange rustlings terrified her. She made sure, poor child, that beasts were prowling about her, wild beasts and—snakes! She dared not move, thinking of the great cat which had just bounded in and out of sight with such terrific activity, seeing the monstrous head of the colt, a swift creature which had been unable to escape the swifter stroke of the rattlesnake. What chance would she have against the assault of mountain lions and serpents?

She rose to her feet.

Although badly bruised and aching sorely in every limb, she found herself able to walk, and essayed a few feeble steps, pausing to listen, and then advancing a few yards to listen again. At the bottom of the gorge bubbled a rivulet. What blessed music! She bathed her face and hands after slaking a feverish thirst. At any other time the beauty of the spot would have appealed to her. Now she gazed at Arcadia with hatred in eyes and heart. The meanest street in Oakland would have seemed heaven. She thought of the good aunt, duster in hand, fussing about the parlour at home. She thought of Wilbur P. Stocker. But always her thoughts returned to herself with accumulating misery. She dared not leave the gorge, because she had lost the sense of direction. The sun shone vertically down. Thickets encompassed her.

She was helplessly alone.

(To be continued.)

